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Waifs of the Slums
and
Their Way Out

By
LEONARD BENEDICT

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By
J. F. Atkinson

Mar. 13. 1916
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To Waifdom Everywhere

A Brief Foreword

By Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL. D.

This is a remarkable book, full of power and pathos, worthy of a place beside the best works of its kind.

The ever pressing problem of the neglected boy and girl, with its possible solution, is presented in a graphic manner and compels an enchained attention.

The Boys' Club is a discovery. Now that it is found, means will certainly be forthcoming for its rapid and beneficent development under the faithful, unselfish efforts of Mr. J. F. Atkinson and his devoted co-labourers.

Introduction

By Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D.

The boys of our streets are to be the voters of the future, and patriotism demands that we look after them. But a higher demand than patriotism presses upon the Christian, whose mission is to lead them to Christ and a life of righteousness.

Every boy has a social nature, and he likes the company of other boys. The club idea appeals to him; and if good people do not furnish him a meeting place, he will seek the places furnished by the bad.

The statement has been made that Chicago has four thousand boy drunkards. Whether this is true or not, it is evident that the theatre and saloon are leading thousands of these boys to ruin, and Christian people ought to do all that they can to rescue them.

Some are without homes—waifs of the street, picking up a precarious living as best they can; others with drunken or criminal parents are in places they call homes, which are really gates of hell. They go in gangs; some of them glory in crime, not careful to escape the police, for they covet the honour of figuring in the court as criminals with a prospect of seeing their pictures in the daily papers.

These boys are worth saving. Many of them are very bright. Their wits have been sharpened by the struggle for existence. They will share their last nickel with a comrade in distress. Not a few are eager for a better chance and will appreciate every effort that is made for their benefit. The better class of them have poor parents, sometimes invalid, for whose support they sell papers, black shoes and run errands. One of them was run over by a dray in New York and carried to a hospital to die. Among his last words were directions for finding the few pennies in his pockets, with instructions to give them to his mother, while he expressed sorrow that he had earned so little that day.

The "Chicago Boys' Club" champions the cause of the boys of the street and seeks to give every one of them a chance to make a man of himself. Mr. J. F. Atkinson, the superintendent of this work, is a Christian man who cares for the souls of the boys as well as their bodies. He is glad to teach them how to make a living, but he is more anxious that they shall make a life; and, above all, he seeks to win them to Him who at twelve years of age was "about His Father's business." He is satisfied with nothing less than the salvation of the whole boy.

This work among the boys each day in the week is very much needed, for the Sunday-school touches them only an hour every Sunday, and thousands of them go to no Sunday-school. It is difficult for the church to reach them with its regular services.

I hope that this book, so full of interesting facts

and earnest appeals, will bring about a great revival of interest in the street boys of our great cities and lead to more strenuous efforts for their salvation.

Chicago, Ill.,
April 30, 1907.

March 1, 1907.

MR. LEONARD BENEDICT,

Dear Sir:

I have been asked repeatedly why I do not prepare the manuscript for a book to be published under some such title as: "Waifs of the Slums and Their Way Out." I have but one answer to the question, but it is a good one. I am not a writer.

Recently a publisher said to me: "If you do not publish a book on this subject, I think I will." That remark stirred me to action.

I feel of all men you are the best qualified to prepare the manuscript for such a book. Will you do this? If you will, then I will do the rest, with the understanding that all the proceeds derived from the sale of the volume are to be dedicated to the work of the Chicago Boys' Club.

Awaiting an early reply, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

Dic. A. J. F. ATKINSON, *Supt.*

March 5, 1907.

MR. J. F. ATKINSON,
262 State St.,
Chicago.

Dear Sir:

Your favour of March 1 duly received. Had you asked me to write a book for selfish profit or for personal honour, I should have refused; but when you ask me to write because there is a need of writing and for the good of the great cause of waifdom, I dare not lightly treat the request. If I am at all qualified for the task, it is because of my deep interest in the subject and my great desire to be of some help to the cause.

Seeing I have not much else to give, I will gladly contribute my spare time and any talent I may have, to this task. If by so doing, some one is led to a clearer insight into the lives of the children of our cities, and into a more helpful sympathy for their condition, I will feel amply repaid for whatever labour and time I may expend upon the manuscript.

Faithfully yours,

LEONARD BENEDICT.

Preface

My reason for writing this book has been to create a little more sympathy for the erring and the unfortunate. I have undertaken to show by many living examples that the wicked and the criminal, as a rule, are not what they are from deliberate choice, any more than you and I—the most of us in fact—are what we are politically or religiously entirely from choice. Have not our early surroundings and education made us, largely, what we are?

In preparing this book, I have been greatly assisted by Mr. J. F. Atkinson, the superintendent of the Chicago Boys' Club, by Mr. E. R. Colby, its industrial director, by Miss Katherine Taylor, one of its Friendly Visitors, and by several others who have admitted me into the storehouses of their knowledge and experience, and there allowed me to help myself to the information I desired. I am also indebted for suggestion and inspiration to certain authors, especially to Jacob Riis, Ernest Poole, Owen Kildare, Josiah Strong and Miss Isabell Horton, from all of whose writings I have more or less quoted in these pages.

I have also quoted freely, and that without so indicating, from the official organ of the Chicago Boys' Club: "Darkest Chicago and Her Waifs."

It has been my attempt to make this discussion as

practical as possible; not to state theories and to propound remedies for supposed evils, but rather to say what, through observation and through questioning others, I actually know to be true, and to relate what is actually being done to meet these real and definite needs.

So let it be understood that this book is not sent forth merely to entertain or even to instruct; it is not a scientific treatise or a system of methods on boys' work, but rather a plea for a broader sympathy and a more practical helpfulness towards the unfortunate classes, especially the children. In the interests of waifdom, this book is sent out on its mission. If it arouse some to a personal, human interest, and an active, self-sacrificing helpfulness towards the needy ones anywhere, it will not have failed of its purpose.

THE AUTHOR.

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Waifs of the Slums

"Boys' Clubs are the best substitutes for policemen's clubs."
—*Jacob Riis.*

I

A UNIQUE WORK

"Be sure you are right," says the proverb, "and then go ahead." This sounds easy enough, but going ahead to the man who knows he is right is usually, in practical life, like a steam-engine going ahead against a snowdrift.

The engine knows that the track ahead was made for it to travel upon and there to bear its load, but the snowdrift thinks differently. The engine has to demonstrate its right by plowing through the snow-bank, pushing away the obstruction, and then quietly doing the work that needs to be done.

The engine succeeds in getting through because it has a mission to perform; the snow melts away because it is opposing that mission.

It was a wise man who said: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

The peculiar thing about the Chicago Boys' Club is that it is founded on prayer; it is run by people

who believe with the psalmist of old, that "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

When the question of starting a boys' club in the down-town district of Chicago was first agitated, Mr. Atkinson, the promoter of the cause, was advised by parties on all sides to get in touch with such-and-such people of prominence, to pull the political wires as others were doing, or his cause would surely fail. Others objected that there was no need for such an institution, that the field was already amply provided for, and another institution would be an excrescence.

Here was the engine's snow-bank. But the wise engineer saw by faith the track running on before him underneath the snow. So he forged ahead—he began to plow through—not from obstinacy or because he was unwilling to listen to counsel, but because he knew in his soul that there his path of duty lay. He felt like Paul, that he was called to preach the gospel to the Gentiles, and "woe be unto him if he preach not the gospel."

He knew that in this respect he was not usurping the rights or infringing upon the already occupied field of others. He knew, as Paul knew—and it grew upon him—that he was called of God to a unique work, and during the years that have followed, this call, and the assurance of it by signs and wonders, has been ever ringing in his ears.

With all this, the question comes: What was this call and in what respect was this work unique?

The call was, like Paul's, to preach the gospel where it had not been preached, and to reach those who had not been reached, or, in fact, had not been deemed worthy of reaching.

It happened that Mr. Atkinson, the founder of the "Club," had been connected for ten years or more with institutions for the saving of orphan and homeless children. For these everybody recognized the need, and for these provision had for a long time been made; but another class, and a larger one, came before his notice, and their needs gradually stamped themselves upon his heart. This was the class of children who, having a home, are homeless; who, having friends, are friendless; who, though supposed to be provided for, are most neglected.

When these needs had become deeply stamped upon his heart, and after the conditions had been thoroughly studied and methods outlined, Mr. Atkinson in November, 1901, called together a body of settlement, charity, and religious workers to discuss the conditions and establish a plan. The meeting was held in the Woman's Temple.

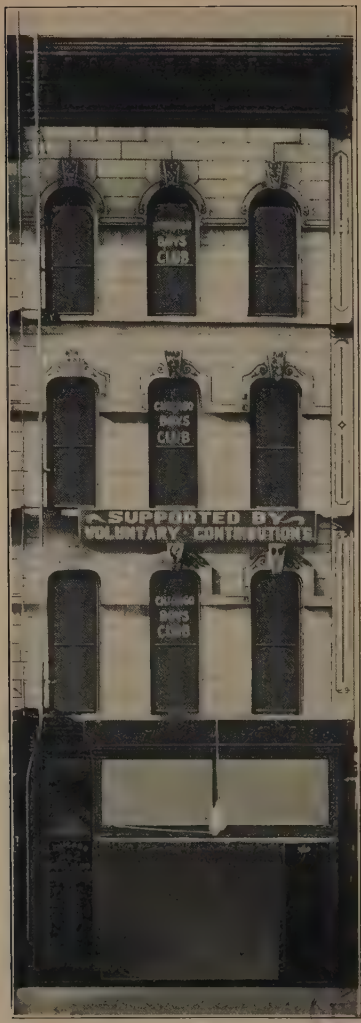
In this meeting, Mr. Atkinson stood up, and in an impassioned voice said: "The street boy is here, and it is for us to say what we will do with him. If we do not lift him up, he will pull us down. Reformatories do not reform him, doors are not open to him, neither church nor Sabbath-school is reaching him, and we cannot afford to kill him, so it remains for us to say what we will do with him."

Then he brought forward his statistics. There are at least 6,000 newsboys in the city of Chicago, of whom one-fourth are found in the Central (the Levee) District. Of these fifty per cent. are Italians, thirty per cent. Jews and much less than ten per cent. Americans. The cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, he said, are providing for this class of boys; the city of London has fifty boys' clubs, but Chicago has none.

The estimated cost of starting and conducting a street boys' club in the central district for one year, he said, would be $4,000. Of this, one man had promised to give $1,000 if the other three thousand were forthcoming.

So in spite of opposition and criticism and contrary advice, the work was started. At first, a small office was rented at No. 218 La Salle Street, and there the work of planning, organizing, advertising and soliciting was begun. Early in February, 1902, the plans were far enough along so that a small upper room was rented on State Street, in an old building which had once been used as a Chinese "opium joint."

Into this room the first night, three little boys—typical ragged denizens of the street—were invited. Here a few simple games were provided and two hours of such a time was enjoyed by those boys as they had never dreamed of before. Those boys went out on the streets that night with a new and strange feeling in their hearts; they felt that they had a friend. A friend! who ever heard of a boy of the street, dirty, ragged, wicked and repulsive, having a



Headquarters of Chicago Boys' Club
—Leased

friend, at least one outside of his own kind? But these boys realized that there was a man who was their friend, and there was a place where a boy like themselves, with tousled hair and savage, boisterous manner, was welcome.

Within three weeks after the opening of that small room, to get to which the boys had to climb up a dark, narrow stairway to the third floor, within three weeks that room was entirely overrun and overflowed with noisy urchins of the street. So the only thing to do was to spread out and to enlarge the quarters. Retraction was now impossible. So the entire floor was rented and a gymnasium and bathrooms were installed. Later as the boys swarmed in and the work increased, a drawing class was added, then a basket weaving department, then shoe-cobbling, printing, manual training and bookbinding.

By the beginning of the second year, a second floor was added; the next year, a third floor, and now, less than seven years since it was started, the Chicago Boys' Club flaunts in large letters its sign on three buildings: one at No. 262 State Street, which is just on the edge of the Levee, and draws its boys from the very centre of the most contaminating influences and some of the worst dens of vice in the world, another at No. 330 Division Street, the girls' department, and still another at No. 188 Gault Court, which is in the heart of that notorious district which is sometimes dubbed "Little Hell."

Just around the corner from No. 262 State Street, the Club's headquarters, stands the famous Pacific

Garden Mission; surrounding this there are 780 saloons with all the accompanying weapons of vice. Four blocks west is a building, which is only the worst of many like it, where about fifty families reside,—in most cases a family to a room. An average of 150 children call this building their home the year round. These children are crowded out of their "homes" on to the street, they are crowded off the street into the alley, they are crowded out of the alley into the saloons, the penny arcades, the dime museums, and the low theatres which abound on every hand; they are crowded out of these into the reform schools, and into the jails. And still we complain at our burden of taxation. It is like a parent complaining at the payment of doctor's bills and funeral expenses and still leaving a disease-breeding pool in the door-yard. "To the source of the evil" is the cry of the age, in medicine, in sanitation and even in politics; why not in morality and in humanity?

The uniqueness of this institution lies in the fact that it is doing what no one else is doing. The churches, the Sunday-schools, and the missions do religious work and reach mainly those to whom religious instruction appeals; the Y. M. C. A., the social settlements, and the athletic organizations do valuable physical and social work; the public day schools and evening schools do educational work. There is no other agency, unless it be the Y. M. C. A., that does all of these. The Chicago Boys' Club applies the method and the principles used by the church, the settlement and the school, and at the same time

reaches a class that has heretofore been mainly unreached by any of these agencies, viz.: the newsboy and the street waif.

It can also truly be said that it is an institution unique among boys' clubs. It has its counterpart in no other city.

Mr. Atkinson has lately returned from a trip through the Eastern States, where he carefully studied the nature and extent of the work being done for street waifs in older municipalities. He found, to his disappointment, that there was none that combined a thorough industrial training with a definite religious instruction. After visiting the "Big Boys' Club" in New York city, a club with 5,000 members, he said to a friend who asked his opinion of it: "I was looking for a beehive of industry where boys were put on anvils and hammered into shape; where they have drilled into the very fibre of their beings habits of industry; where they are fitted and prepared for the stern realities of life. I was looking for a training school and not a playhouse."

In this respect, the Chicago Boys' Club is unique. Its work is not only a negative one—to keep the boys off the street—but a positive one—to fit them in the most practical way possible "for the stern realities of life." As a writer has said, here is the method which "Puts into the man's hand the means of making a good fight, but does not remove from him the necessity of fighting,

> "For that's the old Amerikin idee,
> To make a man a man and let him be."

The Chicago Boys' Club, however, does not "let him be"; it rather gives the one whom it has made into a man every help that he may continue to be a man and to do a man's work.

There has recently developed in the work a very important and a very necessary feature—an Employment Bureau. It is not enough to fit a boy for life; we must see that he does that for which he is fitted. It is not enough to provide a good pasture for the horse; we must see that the horse enters the pasture and that he is kept within its bounds. These ragged, dirty, and tousled youngsters could not enter an office and obtain work for themselves any more than they could, unaided, fit themselves for a life's work. They need an advocate. They need a sponsor.

Such a helper they have in Mr. E. R. Colby. It is useless to put a boy who loves athletics and hates books into an office where he must sit all day over a desk; nine cases out of ten, he will not "stick." It is also equally useless and even more destructive to the boy to be placed in a shop at grinding toil when he is made to be a creator and a leader. The boy needs some one who understands him and his powers, who will locate him in the place where he belongs, who will set him to work at the thing for which he is by nature adapted. This is the secret of his success as well as the key to his life. For this delicate and difficult task, Mr. Colby is peculiarly adapted. He is by nature a lover of boys. He has made them—their ways, their thoughts, and their characters,—a life study. He has worked with the boy whom he

Waifs at Work in Carpenter Shop

recommends for a position hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart for a year or more before he recommends him. He knows all the ins-and-outs of that boy's life, his limitations, his tastes, and his talents. In short, he knows what the boy is made of and what he can do, and he takes every care to place him where he can work with his heart as well as his hands—where he will feel that it is his business and he is a part of it. If a boy is where he belongs and his heart is in his work, he will "stick" to his job and be promoted in it; if he is forced into a thing for which he has no liking and no aptitude, he will become a drudge and a shirk, and finally a deserter.

Each boy's talent and his aptitude is discovered by long and careful study in the play-rooms and industrial departments. There the boy is "put upon an anvil and hammered into shape"; there the true metal of his life is discovered. The boy who has taken particular delight in the drawing-room at the Club is placed in a position as a designer; the boy who has been interested in the printing department or library is located in a publishing house or printing office; while the boy who has spent most of his time during Club hours, in the gymnasium or play-room is put at manual labour. In each one of these cases, specific instances may be cited of boys who have been located in positions according to their liking and are now doing well.

The other day, Mr. Colby met on the street one of the former members who had some time before been placed in a position. When asked as to where he

had been keeping himself, he responded: "I'm down to Hillman's yet. Much obleeged. My brudder's workin' too. He's obleeged too." This he said in pure street fashion, expressing more with his actions than his words. In a few years, these boys will rise up in positions of trust and prominence and show how much they are "obleeged" in a more substantial way than mere words. They are already doing it. The boys are the Club's best advertisement.

At present, there are boys from the Club located at Marshall Field's, the Boston Store, Hillman's, Pullman Company, and in many other positions of trust where promotion is already under way. Two of the boys are studying at the Chicago Art Institute; one is a full member of the Central Department of the Y. M. C. A.; one has been off to college, and many are changed from wild, reckless, unruly members of street gangs into quiet, orderly, industrious boys. The accomplishment of this, however, has not been as easy as the telling of it. There are many factors which enter into the saving of a child.

The first thing to be considered is that he has a body. This must be, in as far as possible, properly fed and clothed and kept clean. For this purpose, there are bath-rooms, a clothing dispensary, and for emergency cases, a lodging-house and free meals. There also is a visiting nurse, who goes about into the dark homes and dirty hovels of the poor, ministering to bodies that are sick, deformed and emaciated,

and through their bodies in many instances reaching their souls.

The next thing to be considered is that these street boys have spirits and instincts like other children. They have the same yearning for affection, the same instinct for frolic and play that other children have. Here there are two ways in which affection is brought to bear on these children who have all their lives before been estranged from it: first by close, intimate contact with loving, devoted Christian teachers in the Club rooms; and secondly, by planting, through the agency of Friendly Visitors, the seeds of love in the homes. These Friendly Visitors go into the homes, like angels of mercy; they are the messengers of peace who come to the people with "good tidings." They win, in many instances, the coöperation of the parents for the good of their children. Where there have been in the home harshness and cruelty and unnatural relations between parents and child, by the love and counsels of the Friendly Visitor, peace and concord are brought about and the repugnant hovel becomes more like a home.

The next thing to be noticed is that the child has talents and possibilities to be developed. The very wickedness of the boy is often a portent of his possible goodness. Often the boy who has vivacity enough in him to be real bad becomes, when his energy has been controlled and directed, the best and the most promising boy. For the development of his talents, the boy is provided with tools, the

training and the encouragement to make of himself, in the fullest degree, whatever nature has designed him to be. Then the boy is followed up and is kept under supervision until he is grown and is able to stand upon his own feet.

Right here, most institutions stop, if indeed they go this far; but the Chicago Boys' Club is unique in that it acts upon the principle that a boy, be he well dressed or ill, be he clean faced or grimy, be he corrigible or incorrigible, be he Jew or Gentile, "Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free," has a hungering soul as well as a needy body and a sensitive mind. These soul desires are met also in two ways: first, by personal touch with Christian teachers and workers, and, secondly, by direct public evangelism. Of course, the "personal touch" is the more important, and the thing without which the "public evangelism" would be fruitless, if not altogether impossible. Here, good and bad, black and white, "Schenie" and "Guiney" are treated alike as lambs for whom Christ died and as "fellow heirs with the saints." It is sinners and not the righteous that Christ came to save, so these workers, commissioned by Him, are seeking those who need them most; the outcast, the "incorrigible," the ones whom everybody else has abandoned as hopeless.

It has come about so that the Juvenile Court, the Bureau of Charities, the Police force and other agencies are bringing to the Chicago Boys' Club, boys for whom they wish them to find positions and to supervise them in their work.

This work has grown, as it is natural it should, not by leaps and bounds, but in a steady, healthy way. Different features have been added as the needs required and as the season has ripened the fruit.

In the early years of the work, the institution was open to both boys and girls. To work the two together, however, was before long found to be impracticable. So the girls, though evidently as needy as the boys, were excluded. Yet, constantly the cry has come up from them: "Can't we come to de Club?" or, "Can't de girls have a Club too?" So in March, 1905, a ten-room floor was rented at No. 404 State Street, three blocks south from the boys' building, and a Club was opened for the girls. This has since been equipped with kitchen and pantry for cooking classes, with kindergarten and physical culture rooms, with sewing, basket weaving and bookbinding classes, and here the darkened minds of the girls of the slums are being opened to the light of the gospel, and they are carrying with them into their dark, gloomy homes, the ray of light they have here received.

Now and then boys come to the Club from other parts of the city. As the distance is too far for them to come regularly, they have many times plead for clubs to be started in their different neighbourhoods. In following up these requests, it has been found that there are many other localities in the city where the streets literally swarm with children, and where practically nothing is being done to safeguard and train them.

In what seemed to be the most urgently needy of these fields, there was started in 1905, a sub-station of the work to meet these needs. At first, a gymnasium was equipped in the basement of a large building on Gault Court, in the "Little Hell" district.

After a few months of experiment in a small way, the entire building of three stories and a basement was rented at the amazingly low figure of fifty dollars per month, and the work of reaching the boys of the notorious "Little Hell" district was begun in dead earnest. Here, as in the parent work, the building is equipped on the principle that "Industrial training is the key that is to unlock the street-boy problem," and here the tough boys are being "put upon the anvil and hammered into shape."

"Why is it that we run to people with the gospel in the foreign lands, but run away from them in our own country."—*Anon.*

II

A GREAT MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITY

"If I could have my choice to be born in the wilds of Africa or in a London slum, I would choose the former." This saying is credited to Mr. Huxley. In many ways the African jungle-dweller has the advantage over the waif of a city slum. Here the child is not only left in ignorance and superstition, but is also thrown from its earliest childhood into the midst of contaminating influences which are entirely unknown to the heathen in Africa.

Missionary problems are constantly changing. Although the needs in foreign fields are still great and the Macedonian cry is becoming ever louder for helpers in distant lands; yet in the cities of our own land to-day the needs are becoming imperative, the conditions appalling, and the dangers for the future of our country almost unspeakable. Think of it! Almost a million foreigners, mostly of a low class, are coming into the country every year. These foreigners—the most dangerous class of them at least—settle almost exclusively in our cities. "This foreign population, these unchurched masses," says a writer, "with all their dreadful problems of ignorance, sin and want, constitute from one-half to three-fourths of the population of our great cities."

The missionary opportunity and responsibility which these foreigners entail upon us are vividly shown in the words of the writer of a recent book, "The Burden of the City." She says, "We must save America for the World's sake. More and more are home and foreign missions shown to be but varying phases of one problem. The heathen are within our own gates. Idolatry and all heathenish vices are in our cities, while in Japan, India, Africa and the isles of the sea, it is American rum and English and American wickedness that offer the most serious obstacles to the progress of the missionary. Truly, 'He does most to Christianize the world who does most to Christianize America, and he does most to Christianize America who does most to save our cities.'" The following facts will show this standpoint to be true. A century ago, America was a nation of one blood. Then our country began to send her loyal sons and daughters to foreign lands to carry American civilization and American Christianity to the heathen abroad. Our nation continued to be practically an English-American people until 1840. Since 1820, when the first records were kept, twenty two million immigrants have landed on our shores. Almost a fourth of these have come within the last ten years.

To-day the heathen are coming to us. Last year, they came more than a million strong.

Within the last twenty years the floods of immigrants have been coming more and more from Southern Europe, from Italy, from Austria-Hungary, and from Russia.

Mr. Whelpley, the author of "The Problem of Immigration," says on this subject, "Like a mighty stream it finds its source in a hundred rivulets largely in Northern, Southern and Eastern Europe. It's an army moving at the rate of nearly two million each year, and is invading the civilized world. Its tongue is polyglot; in dress, all climes from pole to equator are indicated; all religions and beliefs enlist. There is no age limit; young and old travel side by side. The army carries its equipment upon its back. Throughout Europe, the word America is synonymous in all classes with freedom, prosperity and happiness. The desire to reach America is the first sign of awakened ambition; the first signal of revolt against harsh environment; the dream of age and youth alike. Gaining in volume and momentum every year, the pressure of this army has already made itself felt upon communities in which it finds its destination." When these alien hordes reach America, thirty-two per cent. of them remain in New York, and crowd together like swine in its city slums. A like proportion go to Chicago and to the other large cities of the continent. Only the better class of the immigrants settle in the country.

An expert on the question has said, "These congested alien centres within our cities and states become a menace to physical, social, moral and political security." "These colonies," says another, "become hotbeds for the propagation and growth of false ideas of political and personal freedom."

There is little value, however, in worrying over the

damage and destruction which these heathen hordes may bring upon us. They truly are encamped against us as a great army, and we, in ourselves, have no might against them; but let us lift up our eyes unto the hills, and we will find the horses and chariots of the Lord there ready to help us. It is a call to arms.

As John Willis Baer has said: "Instead of placing undue emphasis on the menace of this invasion, I consider it a mission not only for the loyal disciple of Christianity, but a mission for every loyal American. We must Americanize the immigrant or he will Europeanize us. We must lift him up or he will pull us down. Our hope lies in God, a strong heart, a clear head and an outstretched hand. Let the American people put their ears to the ground, and they will hear the tread of the feet of men and women from other countries in the world who are coming to our shores. Coming to help make America a greater America. Let us throw over them the stars and stripes and over Old Glory the blood-stained banner of the cross. Let us give each 'newcomer' a man's chance."

Viewed in this Christian way, the foreigners are not a menace, but an opportunity; an opportunity of which foreign missionaries fifty or a hundred years ago never dreamed.

Think of it! To-day the heathen from foreign lands are coming to us. Hitherto, we have sent our missionaries into other lands and to other peoples, to learn their language, their customs, their viewpoint

of life, and then try to infuse our religion and our civilization into theirs. To-day the tables are being turned. Now, from these foreign lands they are coming to us: to learn our language, our customs, and our viewpoint of life. Before, we have gone to teach them, and often to teach to unwilling ears; now, they are coming to learn of us, willing, eager, expectant.

The all-wise Father, seeing that we have been faithful in a few things, in sending our missionaries abroad, is committing unto us larger things. The foreigners, ignorant, childlike, teachable, who are landing on our shores in such great and ever-increasing numbers, are a sacred trust which the "God of hosts" has committed to our charge.

Will we be faithful to the trust?

We as a nation and as a Christian church are just beginning to realize both the need and the opportunity with which these foreigners are confronting us.

The hope of reaching them lies in the children, the "men of to-morrow," the citizens of the coming generation. To them we must look for our statesmen, our business men, and what will be in larger numbers, our working men of the future. It remains with us, with our potential influence over them, to say whether they shall fill these places, or whether they shall become the political bosses, the saloon-keepers and the criminals of the next generation. As Dr. Channing once said, "If the child is left to grow up in utter ignorance of duty, of its Maker of

its relation to society, and to grow up in an atmosphere of profaneness and intemperance, and in the practice of falsehood and fraud, let not the community complain of its crime! It has quietly looked on and seen him, year after year, arming himself against its order and peace; and who is most to blame, when at last he deals the guilty blow."

The above describes how the children of these foreigners are now growing up in the slums of our great cities, and statistics are abundant to show what is the outcome.

A large proportion of the crime in our great cities occurs in these congested districts where sin and vice abound, where children live in homes which are devoid of all decency and order, where they are thrown out into the street, into that "great school of crime" during their earliest years. And these congested districts are mostly composed of the foreign element.

It is evident that the churches, according to present methods, are not reaching the foreigners and the outcasts. The only way to reach them is to get into the midst of them and to make your life one with theirs. As some one has said, "We must take Christ to the people if we expect the people to take Christ."

This the Chicago Boys' Club is doing. This institution has planted itself in the very heart of Chicago, right in the midst of the most corrupting and congested part of its slums.

Chicago's first ward, which extends from the river on the north to Twenty-second Street on the south

A Typical Scene in the Alley

and east and west from the lake to the river, includes the typical slum district of the city. Here there are 36,000 souls, from forty different nationalities, and jabbering in as many different languages. Here, where sin abounds most frightfully and where the population is most congested, the agencies for good are noticeably the least.

In order to afford some idea of the conditions as they exist in this ward a description of one of its smallest precincts may avail. Let us consider the twelfth precinct, which is bounded on the north by Harrison Street, on the south by Polk, on the east by Dearborn, and on the west by Clark Street. The entire precinct is only 235 by 700 feet in area, not as large as many a front lawn in more favourable surroundings. In this small inclosure dwell between two and three thousand souls, and almost every nationality, and colour and type are represented among them. Here on every hand are reeking, crowded tenements; open, unscreened saloons, gambling dens, low theatres and cheap lodging houses, and every other debasing by-product of modern civilization. This is the plague spot of Chicago.

Included in this precinct are the worst portions of Custom House Place and South Clark Street, both notorious for their records of wickedness and crime. Here and in the near-by surroundings there exist every influence and agency to deprave, and but few efforts to save and uplift the people. True, here or near by, are the Railroad Y. M. C. A., the Life Boat and Pacific Garden Missions, and other smaller

agencies. All of these are doing noble work with their class; but none of them are to any degree reaching the resident element of the district, at least, not the swarming children of the twelfth precinct, and it is these children who most need reaching.

The Chicago Boys' Club has stationed itself right in the midst of this district, just outside of the precinct described, and is making its sole object to reach these children with the gospel and to give each of them a "man's chance."

The thing to be noticed about this institution, however, is not so much that it is located in the midst of a vile and needy community, but that it is located in the central and the strategic part of the great and growing city of Chicago.

It is the preëminent possibilities here that make the work important.

Mr. Atkinson, after fifteen years of experience with waifdom in and out of Chicago has said: "I look upon Chicago as the greatest mission field on the continent. Several things contribute to make it such. Among these is its strategic location. There is not another city of like proportions in the civilized world so favourably located in the very heart of such boundless agricultural wealth as Chicago. It is the greatest inland port as well as the greatest railroad centre in the world. Fifteen hundred and eighty-four passenger trains arrive in the city daily. These fifteen hundred and eighty-four passenger trains run over twenty-six railway systems, all centring here. These twenty-six systems have a com-

bined mileage of 85,000 miles, or more than one third of the total mileage of the United States. In the course of the year, the Illinois Central Railroad alone carries to the city something like 18,000,000 passengers. The twenty-six roads carry to the city a daily average of 160,000 passengers.

"These unlimited transportation facilities are bringing to our city men and women of all manner of languages, from all quarters of the world, and making it a city of different nationalities. The name and the fame of Chicago have gone abroad to the poor and distressed of all nations and they have flocked and are still flocking to the place where a few men have made millions and where multitudes go down in the struggle.

"Chicago has more Germans than any foreign city except Berlin and Hamburg; more Bohemians than any city except Prague; more Irish than any foreign city except Dublin and Belfast; more Scandinavians than any city except Stockholm; and more Jews than can be found in Palestine."

It is difficult to grasp the idea of the immensity of a city like Chicago, a city of two million souls. It is also difficult—it is impossible—to fully grasp the meaning of the train loads of foreigners who are daily crowding into this city—this "Mecca of Waifdom."

As Walter Wellman has said: "In a single year there pours into the country a multitude of humble people equal to or greater than the present population of any of eighteen states of the union. It means that if all these newcomers, poor of purse, and most

of them poorer yet in qualifications for citizenship, were to assemble in one place they would alone make a city exceeded in population by only New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. It means that to every eighty men, women and children in the United States at the beginning of the year one is to be added during the twelve months from the steerage of the Transatlantic steamships," and daily hundreds of these are crowding into the already overcrowded slums of Chicago. With these facts before him and with himself immediately in the thick of the fight a recent writer has said: "There can be no doubt that the religious campaign of the future must be waged chiefly in the great cities."

This must be true when we consider that to-day over one-third of the entire population of the United States dwell in cities of over 8,000 population. One thirty-eighth of the entire population of the country are crowded into the 190 square miles which we call Chicago, and in some parts there are over 60,000 people to the square mile. Chicago alone has as many inhabitants as all of Delaware, Florida, Wyoming, Nevada, Montana, and Idaho, and three-fourths of these are foreigners.

Within the six years of its existence, the Chicago Boys' Club has shown itself to be a mighty factor for good among these foreign hordes, into the very centre of which it has thrust itself.

The following figures look small enough when placed side-by-side with the above immense figures which show the entire population of Chicago; but

they mean something. They are a part of the "Leaven in a Great City." They are like the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.

The Chicago Boys' Club has a membership of 1,741 street boys, thirty per cent. of whom are Italians, another thirty per cent. are Jews, about fifteen per cent. are negroes, while only about three per cent. are Americans, and almost every nation on the earth is represented. With the above figures and facts in mind, tell us if you will: Is not this a foreign missionary work? Take a walk with us up Custom House Place or Sherman Street, hear the rattle of foreign tongues, see the children half-naked, undersized, uncared for, swarming on the streets, look up into the reeking tenements from which they come, and tell us if there is not need here for missionary work. Or go with us into the Ghetto—on Maxwell Street—whence many of the boys come, see the push-carts and wagons, booths and shops right out on the street, see the throngs of people crowding, all speaking in an unknown tongue, and tell us if we need to go to some far distant land to find the heathen.

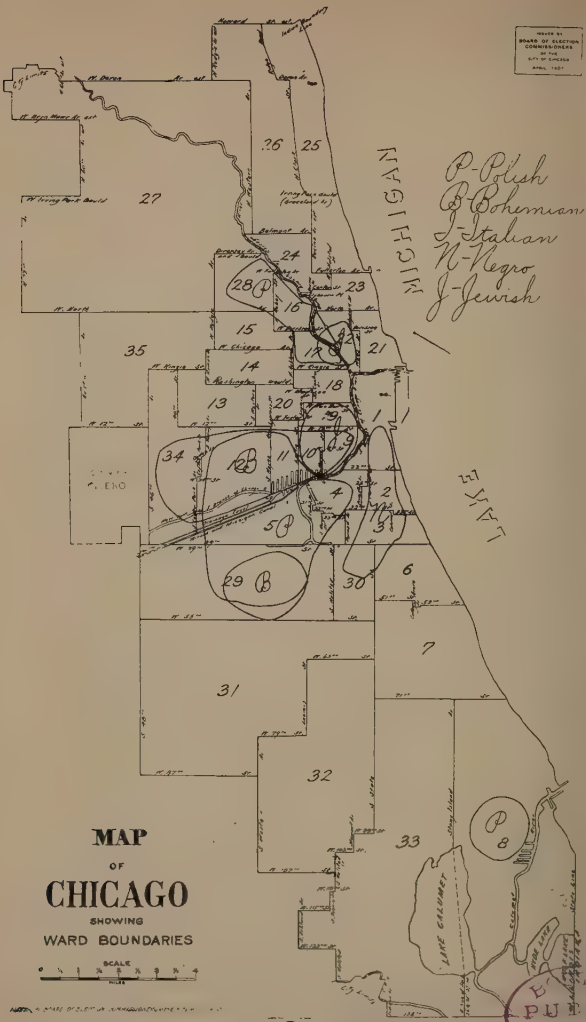
Truly, they are here all about us, just as ignorant of the true Christ and of the way of life as any heathen in darkest Africa. Superstition, and formalism, and idolatry are among them, and their children are all as "sheep who have no shepherd."

These children swarm the streets in thousands. The Chicago Boys' Club has set itself to evangelize them, to form them before they need reforming, and

to save them before they are beyond the possibility of saving.

Its Friendly Visitors and Visiting Nurse are sent into their homes, into the dark alleys, the dingy garrets, and the damp cellars to ferret out these children and discover the abodes of the poorest of the poor. To these they tell the story of Jesus and His love, and before these at the same time they live the life of the lowly Nazarene by ministering to their needs and brightening their surroundings. They are gathered into its mission rooms and there taught carpentering, printing, shoe-cobbling, basket-weaving, drawing and various other industries. The girls are taught cooking, sewing, dressmaking, housekeeping, and boys and girls together are taught that there is some one both in heaven and on earth who loves and cares for them, dirty and ragged and wicked though they be.

These children, Jews and Italians as they are, are susceptible to the gospel. They are yearning for some one to love them. They come with inquiring minds. Case after case could be cited of those who have voluntarily acknowledged that the faith of their fathers is unsatisfying, and that the love of God in the heart as they see it exemplified in their teachers and hear it presented in the meetings, is better than the amulet about the neck or the mitre upon the head. Truly, here the harvest fields are ripe and white for the sickle, as well as in foreign lands.



Ward Map of Chicago, Showing Locations of Foreigners.

"Our close relations with the ignorant, the degraded, the vicious, which it is impossible to escape, are forcing us to do them good in self-defense."—*Josiah Strong, The New Era, p. 345.*

III

OTHER NEEDY FIELDS

"It is the important point in illumination to put your light where it is dark. If corporations did not understand the philosophy of lighting cities by gas better than some of us understand the philosophy of lighting cities by the gospel, the nights in some of our wards would be as black as the morals are." Thus speaks Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, Ex-General Superintendent of the Citizens' League of Chicago.

Yes, as will be shown later, this is true. If the city lighting company should follow the same principle in its business that is pursued by the church, it would plant its brightest lights in front of the mansions where private lights already illuminate the doorways, and would leave the dismal streets of the poor unlighted. Now, as always, "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

Josiah Strong says of the church: "She is spending her energies on the best elements of society, her time is given to teaching the most intelligent, she is medicating the healthiest, she is salting the salt, while the determining masses, which include the most ignorant and vicious, the poorest and most degraded, are alike beyond her influence and her effort."

Let us see how far this is true of Chicago.

A glance at the accompanying ward map will show that the most congested districts of the city, and the wards where foreigners predominate and where ignorance, poverty and sin abound, are the wards that border upon the two branches of the Chicago River.

The wards 9, 10, 11 and 12; 16, 17, 18 and 19 west of the river; 1, 4, 5, 29 and 30 south of the river, and 22, 23 and 24 north of the river, contain largely the slums and the crowded settlements of low foreigners in Chicago.

It can be noticed also from the map and from the table of figures on page fifty-three that the foreigners of the various nationalities have a tendency to swarm together in groups and communities.

For instance, the 9th, 10th and 19th wards compose the Jewish district,—the Ghetto. In these three wards there are 14,000 adult Jews or about 20,000 altogether, young and old, mostly immigrants from Russia and Poland. These 20,000 Jews, together with 20,000 Bohemians, 1,500 Lithuanians, 8,000 Italians, 13,000 Germans, 14,000 Irish and a scattering of about twenty other nationalities, making altogether 136,000 souls, occupy a space of less than three square miles.

The Italian district includes the central river wards 1, 17, 19 and 22. In these four wards there are 12,000 adult Italians, or at least 18,000 altogether young and old, computing according to the usual number of children to an Italian family.

The Bohemian quarters comprise wards 9, 10, 11

and 12 along the south branch of the river, and ward 29, which includes the stock yards district. These five wards contain 33,000 adult, or about 50,000 Bohemians of all ages. The largest Polish settlement is in wards 16 and 17. In these two small wards alone there are 24,000 adult, or about 35,000 Poles all told. Also, there are many Poles in the West Central and Stock Yards wards, 4, 5, 11, 12 and 29. There are 25,000 of them here.

Besides these foreign hordes from Southern Europe, another element of our civilization must not be left unnoticed. This is the coloured population. The negroes also are inclined to settle, like bees in a swarm, in crowded districts. The largest portion of the city's coloured population is located in the district from 12th Street south to 55th and bordering on State Street. This includes the wards 1, 2, 3 and 30. In these four wards there are about 25,000 negroes.

Besides the foreigners above specified, there are within the city of Chicago itself, separate cities composed as follows:

There is one city of 534,000 Germans, one of 255,000 Irish, one of 145,000 Swedes and another of 60,000 Norwegians.

Although these nationalities exist in larger numbers than do the Italians, Jews, Poles and Bohemians, they do not present as great a missionary problem because of their propensity to scatter in the outlying districts, to purchase their own homes and to assimilate with the American people more than do the others.

Yet even with these, the conditions are appalling enough. Read over the names of the city's saloon keepers, of its boodle aldermen, and of its criminals, and you will find a large percentage of German, Irish and Swedish names, as well as of Italian, Jewish, Polish and Bohemian.

With this general survey of the foreign mission field as it exists right here in Chicago, let us see what the Christian Protestant Church in Chicago is doing to evangelize these foreigners who have so suddenly and so numerously thrust themselves into its midst. Has she gone into these dark places with the light of the gospel, or is she still vainly expecting those from the dark places to come to her? Let us see. Is the church of Christ a missionary church, as she has been commissioned to be, or is she merely a "family church"?

Consider first the following figures. In 1840 there was one Protestant Church in Chicago for every 747 of its population; in 1851 one for every 1,009; in 1862 one for every 1,301; in 1870 one for every 1,593; in 1880 one for every 2,081; in 1885 one for every 2,254; at the present time there is one Protestant Church for every 3,270 of its population.

In the country at large about one-fifth of the population are members of some evangelical church. In Chicago in 1887 only one-thirteenth of the population were thus under the influence of the gospel. To-day a much smaller percentage than this is represented in the churches.

Let us consider what is actually being done by the

several evangelical churches to meet these needs. The largest and most influential Protestant organization in the city, the Methodist Church, has with its several branches, 154 societies in Chicago. Twelve of these belonging to the Rock River Conference, are located in slum districts and are to a greater or less degree, striving to reach the lower classes. The Methodist Society has one church among the Italians, four among the Bohemians, and one among the French of the city. Besides these, there are thirteen German Methodist Churches, eighteen Swedish, eight Norwegian-Danish and eleven African Methodist Churches.

The Presbyterian organization has seventy-two churches and ten stations in needy districts. One of these is among the Chinese, one among the Italians and one among the negroes.

The Congregational Church has eighty-seven organizations and ten of them may be counted as missions to the unfortunate class. One of them is to the Chinese, four among the Swedes, two German and the others are missions or Institutional Churches in needy districts.

The Baptists have seventy-nine churches, eleven of which are missions, and twenty others of which are churches for foreign people.

The above figures show that the Protestant churches are not entirely inert concerning the crying needs of those about them. They have planted and heroically maintained a few lights in the dark places. Indeed it may be said of these churches as it was of the seven

churches of Asia: "I know thy works and charity and service and faith and thy patience and thy works; and the last to be more than the first. Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee."

As it always has been, there are a few in the churches who are alive and alert to the needs of the lost about them, while the great body of the church is asleep. While the few are labouring and sacrificing, there are the many who only "sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss," although vice and crime, sin and sorrow, ignorance and corruption are within hand-reach of every one of them.

Yes, something is being done towards the evangelization of the masses in our great cities, and from the church's standpoint more and more is being done every year, but it is by no means keeping pace with the growth of the field and the demands of the hour.

Surely now, if ever, "The time has come to hurl at least a hundred times our present forces and funds into the evangelization of our great cities."

As a sample of the frightful conditions that exist, let us look into the records concerning the seventeenth ward of the city. This ward is scarcely a mile square; yet, there are 62,000 people crowded within its borders. 14,000 of these are Poles, 8,000 are Germans, 7,000 are Norwegians, 2,500 are Swedes, 2,500 are Italians, while only about 4,000 of them are Americans. In this ward there are 321 open saloons with the usual number of accompanying low theatres, gambling dens, dives and hell-holes. In this ward, there are five Catholic churches, two Jewish Syna-

Table Showing Population, Number of Churches and Number of Saloons in Chicago by Wards.

Wards	Population per Sq. Mile	# Americans	# Italians	# Jews	# Poles	# Bohemians	# Germans	# Irish	# Swedish	# Negroes	Saloons	Churches. Protestant	Catholic	Jewish	Foreign
1	15000	20000	2000	500	200	100	1000	1000	300	3000	782	26	4	5	1
2	43000	17000	200	500	50	100	3000	2000	1000	8000	197	20	2	2	4
3	34000	17000	100	1000	50	150	3000	3000	1000	4000	147	14	2	1	7
4	46000	8000	400	250	2000	1000	7000	4000	700	150	198	5	8		2
5	19000	4000	50	300	3000	300	7000	8000	700	50	247	9	7		6
6	20000	30000	50	2000	50	100	3000	3000	1000	700	13	25	4		3
7	11000	30000	100	700	25	50	3000	3000	2000	1000	95	24	4	1	3
8	2000	5000	300	200	5000	200	5000	3000	3000	50	245	22	7		13
9	42000	1000	350	7000	700	3000	4000	2000	100		195	4	5	19	6
10	47000	1000	50	4000	400	11000	3000	3000	100		188	6	1	1	
11	45000	2000	100	600	5000	3000	8000	3000	500		228	7	6	1	8
12	13000	4000	300	200	3000	10000	8000	3000	2000	25	320	10	4		7
13	19000	18000	150	150	25	100	2000	4000	300	25	141	20	3		1
14	23000	16000	500	150	60	100	4000	4000	700	800	173	19	3		5
15	37000	4000	75	1000	500	500	12000	1000	2000		137	8	4	3	13
16	50000	2000	75	1000	14000	100	7000	1000	200		236	8	5	2	2
17	60000	3000	2000	600	10000	700	6000	2000	2000	25	321	6	5	2	14
18	28000	11000	300	500	100	50	3000	4000	500	1000	355	18	1	11	
19	47000	6000	5000	3000	500	800	2000	5000	200	50	273	3	3	2	2
20	45000	24000	200	1000	60	150	2000	3000	600	200	147	20	4	2	2
21	35000	25000	250	200	30	50	5000	3000	2000	500	228	11	1	1	3
22	39000	4000	3000	200	500	80	8000	3000	7000	250	295	11	4	1	5
23	33000	7000	75	250	100	150	15000	1000	1000	100	129	10	1	1	5
24	33000	7000	75	200	700	150	12000	1000	1000	25	180	3	4		4
25	11000	22000	100	250	50	50	8000	1000	6000	75	137	22	3		9
26	8000	10000	60	100	50	50	10000	1000	3000	25	141	21	6		13
27	2000	9000	40	150	1000	600	9000	1000	2000	75	231	35	8		30
28	26000	7000	100	350	3000	200	8000	1000	3000		195	13	3	1	11
29	5000	2000	40	150	4000	4000	8000	5000	300	80	361	8	12	2	4
30	17000	9000	250	200	50	40	4000	7000	1000	3000	243	3	2	1	5
31	4000	14000	200	300	50	150	4000	3000	4000	500	121	28	4	2	11
32	4000	18000	200	100	50	150	4000	2000	1000	300	100	33	8	1	5
33	3000	10000	800	100	800	400	3000	2000	4000	100	159	27	11		14
34	7000	9000	50	75	50	2000	3000	2000	200		107	19	6		4
35	4000	9000	50	50	100	100	3000	1000	200	100	59	23	5		17

Adults only.
#Figures Taken from School Census of 1904

Table Showing Population of Chicago by Wards, also Number of Saloons and Churches

gogues, fourteen churches of foreign denomination, and only six American Protestant churches or missions to counteract the evil.

Place side by side with this the statistics for the aristocratic sixth ward, which includes Kenwood and Hyde Park, the place of culture and refinement, of wealth and luxury, of outward morality and civic decency. Here the population is only about 20,000 to the square mile and more than half of them are cultured Americans. Here there are thirty-two churches, all but seven of which are Protestant, and here there are only thirteen saloons, whose evil influence these twenty-five Protestant churches are set to counteract, as compared with 321 saloons in the other ward, whose influence six feeble, struggling missions are seeking to overcome. This is but a sample.

There are in Chicago seven times as many saloons as there are churches. The saloon is the working men's club, and the church raises its club against the saloon, but it provides no club or home or welcome for the working man to draw him away from the saloon. As is clearly shown in the chart, the churches are most where the saloons are least and the churches are the fewest and the weakest where the saloons and the foreign element which patronize them are the most numerous and the most disreputable.

As a writer has truly said: "The trouble is not merely that the cities have so little Christianity (in comparison with the wickedness and heathenism) but

that the Christianity which they do have is confined to certain limited sections of society, leaving other sections, and those which comprise the great mass of the people, quite destitute of it and practically heathen."

Take the following figures as an illustration. In the sixth ward there is one Protestant church to every 2,348 of its inhabitants; while in the seventeenth there is only one to every 10,308. In the sixth ward about forty-six per cent. of the people are foreigners and those of the best class, while in the seventeenth, ninety-six per cent. of them are foreigners and the most of them are of the low, ignorant, vicious class. In the sixth ward there is only one saloon to every 4,501 of its inhabitants, while in the seventeenth there is one saloon to every 192 of its inhabitants. Tell us, have we not a mission field right here at our own doors!

We send our missionaries abroad to convert the Catholics in Italy, South America and Mexico, to convert the Bohemians, the Roumanians, the Turks and the Chinese. We believe that our religion is enough better than theirs to send our consecrated missionaries over land and sea to take it to them; but when they come to us and settle in our own land and form cities in the heart of our own cities, as large or larger than any in the lands from which they came, we Americans gather our skirts about us and move away from them into the suburbs, and there found our wealthy churches and worship in them to ourselves while the foreigners reek in their poverty,

fester in their sin, and die in their ignorance apart from our help or our notice.

The Chicago Boys' Club has not only planted itself in the heart of this great sin-cursed city where it can draw, and does draw, its boys of the foreign element from the reeking slums of the first, second, fourth, ninth, tenth and nineteenth wards of the city; but it has planted a sub-station of its work in another needy district in the centre of the twenty-second ward, on the fringe of the congested, sin-cursed, drink-soaked seventeenth ward, in the midst of "Little Hell" and "Smoky Hollow," and is there showing the people in a practical way that there is some one who names himself by the name of Christ who cares for them.

Perhaps the best idea of this district can be given by quoting the words of Miss Mary McDowell, head resident of the University of Chicago Settlement. In a speech recently delivered in Chicago, she said: "To those who are familiar with the conditions on the Lower North Side, with its congested population west of Clark Street and its lack of playground facilities, it may be of interest to know that the population of this district is mainly foreign with a density of 100 to 150 to the acre and in some cases, reaching a much higher figure. The houses are three and four deep between streets with an average of two families on each floor, and few, if any, sanitary arrangements.

"In the region popularly known as 'Smoky Hollow' and north of Division Street, is an ever in-

creasing Italian colony, with hundreds of sweat-shops, the streets and sidewalks fairly bristling with children who aspire to become American citizens.

"The region from the river to Fullerton Avenue is two and one-half miles long by three-quarters to one and one-half miles wide with little or no vegetation along the streets, or in the yards, except in the most northern portion. In the same district there is but one public bath and but one gymnasium. Experts who have made careful inquiries into the conditions of crime and disease that obtain in this district, agree that it is one of the worst places in the city.

"With over 20,000 children in the public schools and probably half as many more in parochial schools, the only provision made for the outlet of healthy child activity in the above district, are three playgrounds scarcely two acres in area, one of which is a small corner under the Northwestern Elevated Railroad.

"On the thinly populated east side of Clark Street, we have shady streets, grassy plots, beautiful Lake Michigan and besides Lincoln Park, six small parks and beauty spots. Is it any wonder, that under such favourable conditions this district has the lowest death rate in the city? And is it not possible to at least in a measure transform this hideous and stuffy desert in the vicinity by giving it here and there an oasis upon which will grow the larger hopes of a rising generation and out of which will be realized a higher civic standard?"

This speech was recently made in the interest of establishing small parks in the community, as they are established to such great advantage at certain points on the South Side.

These would undoubtedly be of great benefit in the lessening of crime and in raising a "higher civic standard." But what is needed and what is being realized more and more as effectual in these days, is not only playgrounds and breathing spaces, although they are necessary and valuable, but Boys' Clubs and free Trade Schools.[1]

What is needed is a lighthouse to warn and prevent these sin-threatened children from falling upon the rocks, rather than a life-saving station to gather them in drowned and dying, after the ship has been wrecked. There is also needed not only a lighthouse to prevent them from ruin, but a pilot who can go out to them and lead them safely into the harbour. The cry to-day is not only prevention but construction.

The Chicago Boys' Club has stationed itself in this field with provisions for the outlet of the children's play spirit through its gymnasium, its play-rooms and its summer outings; and with provision for actual instruction through its carpenter shop, art class, printing, shoe-cobbling and basket-weaving departments; and also with provision for safe-guarding their morals and fulfilling the yearnings of their spiritual nature through its Sunday-school and regular gospel meetings.

Branch Club, No 2, is so situated that it can draw

[1] For further discussion of this point, see Chapter XI.

the boys,—and later the girls, we hope,[1]—from the sixteenth, the seventeenth, the twenty-second and the twenty-third wards.

True, there are already two social settlements in the seventeenth ward and two in the twenty-second, and all of them are working, more or less, for the boys.

Yet surely these cannot cover the field. In some portions of the city there are churches on every corner of a block and large Sabbath-schools in each; yet none of them lack for numbers or fail to find their work to do. How much more are good agencies needed in these districts where there are from 50,000 to 60,000 people to the square mile, and practically all of them are unevangelized?

The twenty-second ward has 4,000 Italians, 10,000 Germans, 9,000 Swedes, 4,000 Irish, 295 saloons and only eleven Protestant Evangelical churches. There is every difference between this and the adjoining twenty-first ward, which has 30,000 Americans as compared with the 5,000 of the twenty-second ward and only a small percentage of foreigners.

Between these two wards, as between the sixth and the thirtieth on the South Side, there is a great gulf fixed; the one has the aristocracy of Lake Shore Drive and Lincoln Park, and the other, the squalor and the sin of "Little Hell" and "Smoky Hollow." Here, if anywhere, are contrasted the two sides of life, the two extremes. The twenty-third ward is

[1] A Trade School, under the auspices of the Chicago Boys' Club, is now open in this neighbourhood where the girls are being trained for a life-work.

composed largely of Germans, 20,000 of them in its two square miles.

The seventeenth ward has already been described.

The sixteenth ward has a population of 50,000 to the square mile, is composed largely of Poles and Germans, has 236 saloons and only eight Protestant churches. There is no social settlement in this ward and but few influences for good. The Northwestern University Settlement, however, can reach into its needs on the west, and the Boys' Club, Branch No. 2, on the east and northward along the river, where the worst conditions abound.

Another needy field lies within the thirtieth ward. This ward directly faces the Stock Yards on the east. The police avow that there is much crime and wickedness in this quarter, especially among the boys. There are at the present time, about 250 cases of juvenile criminals on probation under the Juvenile Court from this district. This small ward, only two square miles in area, contains 243 open saloons. Your author counted fifteen of these in an almost unbroken row, door after door, on Halsted Street. No wonder that the boys go wrong!

This ward claims only three American Protestant churches; has a population of almost 50,000 people, has no social settlement, no gymnasium, no baths, no public playgrounds in the vicinity. Is it any wonder the boys go wrong?

Another needy field and one that is becoming more needy every day, for work of the kind that the Chicago Boys' Club can do, lies in the neighbourhood

adjoining 22d Street and Wabash Avenue. This is just too far removed from the building at No. 262 State Street to be accessible for a large number of the boys of that community, and the temptations there, as the red-light district moves constantly south, are becoming more and more appalling.

This district has a large population of negroes, almost 12,000 in a square mile, but the Italians and the Jews are also encroaching upon it.

As the slums and the dives and the hell-holes move in,—and they are moving in here rapidly,—the physical appearance and the population of the district naturally changes, as it is now daily changing. In a few years, this will be a strategic point for another branch of the Boys' Club.

Twenty-second Street and Wabash Avenue is already almost a second Custom-House-Place or a successor to it, and there are swarms of children all about whose lives are being and are destined to be polluted by its evil atmosphere, unless some one comes to the rescue.

Although the outlying districts of the city are supposed to be less needy, because less congested than the central wards, there is one locality to the extreme south of the city where the conditions are extremely dangerous in their portent.

This district is included in the eighth ward and contains the large factories of South Chicago. Although this ward has only a population of 2,000 people to the square mile as compared with 60,000 in the seventeenth ward, yet there is a large and danger-

ous population of Poles living there about the shops. There are more Poles than Americans in the entire ward. There are 245 saloons to quench their thirst for that which represents the fires of hell, and but a few churches or missions to satisfy their thirst for the water of life.

All who know the work of the Chicago Boys' Club agree in saying that its principles and methods are those which can be applied successfully among the boys of any community. Chief Probation Officer Thurston of the Chicago Juvenile Court said, after inspecting the work: "This is but a sample of what ought to be done in every needy district of the city." It is the purpose and policy of the managers of this institution to occupy these several needy and neglected fields with a work after its own kind as fast as the funds will allow and the other things necessary are available.

Even in the midst of the most advantageous surroundings where the churches are the most and the saloons are the least, there is a need for such a work as this. In temperate, church-going, "law-and-order" Englewood, even, there is a need for such a work. In every community, no matter how many fashionable churches and commodious Sabbath-schools there may be, there is to be found a large element, both of children and adults, who are entirely unreached by the efforts of all the churches and Sabbath-schools combined. Go with us to the New Marlowe Theatre on Stewart Avenue, or the Vaudette Theatre on 63d Street, or to the Penny

Arcade on Halsted Street, on any Sunday afternoon and see the hundreds of boys and young men who crowd into them and who stand about their entrances, cigarette in mouth and oath on lips, and see if your spirit is not stirred within you like Paul's, when he came to Athens and saw the city wholly given to idolatry. The Juvenile Court officers tell us that many of the hardest and most discouraging cases they have to handle are those of boys who come from these seemingly decent districts, even from good homes.

Surely the appeal to the philanthropic public would not go unheeded if they only realized what the conditions are. If the awful peril that confronts the young of our cities, whether in the slums or on the boulevards, were brought home personally to the hearts and convictions of the people they would be compelled to act.

"The great evils of our cities," says Josiah Strong, "are seen and felt by comparatively few. Bring Christian men and women into personal contact with the homes of the city, and with the attics and cellars called homes, and the social wrongs, the industrial abuses, and the nameless evils which now thrive in secret would set Christian blood to burning and Christian nerves to tingling, and Christian tongues to crying aloud until public sentiment was aroused; and in this country public sentiment is only less mighty than omnipotence."

So, if it is due to a lack of intimate knowledge or a consequent dearth of personal feeling of responsi-

l to go to the help of the
w and feel will be charitable
es rather, for not bringing to
them the news.

IV

THE PLAN OF A

THE last two chapters have described the needs of the field, and the open doors of opportunity which the Club workers are seeking to enter. In this chapter, we will consider the plan by which these needs are being met, and the practical method by which the hitherto closed doors of these boys' yearning hearts are opened.

There is a wide difference between a settlement and a mission; there is also a difference between a settlement and a boys' club. Many boys' clubs are not missions,—they are simply "clubs"—but the Chicago Boys' Club differs from a settlement, as well as from the ordinary boys' club, in the fact that it is distinctly a mission. It has a distinct purpose and an avowed work to perform.

The generally confessed purpose of a settlement is this: We are not coming among you as some one far above you to lift you up; we are not coming to convert you to our manner of thinking or to our form of belief. We have no propaganda. We are your friends. We come among you to live with you, to be your neighbours, to live your life, to understand your problems, to get at your viewpoint, and to work together with you for the betterment of our

common life and surroundings. The working idea of the settlement is that of neighbourliness. "God is our Father and all we are brethren"; this is their only dogma.

The idea is a beautiful one. Indeed, woe be unto either the settlement or the mission worker who goes about his work without the idea of friendliness. Yet there is a difference. A mission has a propaganda; a mission has a work to perform; a mission does openly go down among the masses with a purpose to uplift them. A true mission worker realizes that he is—not of himself, but by the grace of God—better than those to whom he goes, and that the same grace which has changed his life can make those to whom it is applied in the slums better than they are.

The mission recognizes that it is sin that makes the slums; that there are slums in the world because there is sin, because there is drunkenness and because there is ignorance.

The doctrine of the mission is this: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved"; but, with true Scriptural common sense, it adds: "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

In short, the missionary realizes that the slum will still exist and will continue to grow worse and worse until somebody, full of "grace and grit and gumption," throws off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and

goes down into the very midst of the reeking dens of vice and infamy, and tells them about the Christ who is able to save.

The late Hugh Price Hughes of London, England, has stated as his urgent conviction, that "The unchurched masses belong to any religious body that has the scriptural audacity to go after them." "To go after them!" That is the rallying cry of the missionary; to go after them as a wise fisherman goes after his game. "Ye shall become fishers of men," says the Master; but first He says: "Follow Me and I will *make you* to become fishers of men."

The settlement idea, and all that it contains is, and must be, the working principle of the missionary to the slums. If he is to really reach the people there, he must be to them a friend, a neighbour and a fellow citizen; but to reach their souls, he must also be to them a priest and a prophet; he must be a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Yet, to return to the figure of the fisherman; the successful angler chooses his bait; he studies the tastes and the habits of his game; he angles for them with their kind of bait, not his own.

Herein lies the secret of the wonderful success of the Chicago Boys' Club. It has neither gone at its work in the merely sociological way of the settlement, nor in the piously haphazard way of the ordinary mission. It has studied its game; it has learned to fish by fishing, and has, as its motto states: "Learned to do by doing."

As the superintendent often says to his workers: "The scheme of this work came down from the skies. The Father gave us the plan and set for you and me the task of working it out."

"Industrial training is the key that is to unlock the street boy problem." This is the thought that came, like an inspiration, to the superintendent at the first, and this is the key that has been unlocking the secrets of street-boy hearts and the problems of their lives ever since.

Industrial training, however, is not considered here, as in most of the settlements, as a thing in itself, as work for work's sake, or even as work as an educative process. It is rather systematic work and organized play as a means to an end, as affording a point of contact, an entering wedge or a key into the closed heart of the interesting being we call a boy.

One of the hobbies of Professor Bronson, the Vice President of the Club, is "The Point of Social Contact." "We cannot all be great preachers, but it is open to any of us to be a great friend. You cannot," he says, "arrest a sinner as a policeman arrests a criminal on the street. You must make social contact with him. Jesus did and we must." His constant contention is: "Study your man—tie on to something in his life—not yours." To "know your man," as Professor Bronson says, that is the first need.

Boys, like fish, must be studied; their habits, their tastes, and their peculiarities must be ascertained. Like fish also, different classes of boys have different

kinds of tastes and must be angled for with different kinds of bait. A sleepy catfish can be caught with an ordinary worm and a stationary line; but a gamey trout must have a brilliantly coloured fly and a skillfully managed line. The ordinary boy from a good home may be won through the Sunday-school and the ordinary channels of the church; but a wild, reckless boy of the street can no more be won by these ("tame" as he calls them) methods than a wild mountain trout can be caught with hook and line.

It is true of the boy also, as experienced sportsmen often find with fish, that each one has an individuality, and must be handled somewhat differently. Every boy is a conundrum. The problem of his life, and how to get into it, is a difficult one. It is a problem requiring patience—sometimes almost infinite patience. Like a good fisherman, the worker among boys is never in a hurry, is not impatient at slow results. He knows instinctively and by experience that if he but be quiet, and wait till his game is in the proper humour, by and by he will land a "nice one."

And, be it said here, the true friend of the boy is one who is "fishin' after 'im." He is not simply tossing him crumbs of amusement and bits of information. He is not simply playing at fishing; but he is determined to land his game. Yet, as in fishing, cautiousness and stealth is the true method. The bait must be kept prominent while the hook is concealed.

Every normal child, and especially the child of the

street, who lives most like the savage, hates formality and is a quick detecter of all forms of cant and hypocrisy.

Every child, if he is to be really won and lastingly held, must be won by stealth; he must be captured on his own ground; the hook must be in his mouth (or rather the seed of love must be in his heart) before he even suspects that one is trying to capture him.

A real boy hates and shuns all direct methods, and he will resent every avowed effort to do him good. If this is so, we may well ask, how then can he be helped? The answer is simple. He is to be won through his amusements. We are to seem to him to be simply one who desires to please and amuse him, and our hold upon him will certainly be the stronger if we can at the same time seem to be ourselves as much interested in the game or workshop as is the boy himself.

But, it must be considered, boys' interests are varied, and no two boys are interested in exactly the same thing in exactly the same way. Some boys find their chief interest in baseball and other athletic sports; others, entirely indifferent to these things, are interested in art or literature; while others find their chief pleasure in the study of animals or in the use of tools and machinery. It is clear that the boy can only be won by interesting ourselves in a whole-souled, chummy way in the thing which interests the boy. So, happy is the man who is so versatile that he can himself find pleasure in any of these

things without assuming any feigned attachment for it.

The boy must by all means be led to believe that you are in the thing mainly, if not solely, for the pleasure of it, as well as he; that you are a boy with him, a companion and a chum.

Under these conditions and in such a spirit, one can do about as he pleases with the boy with whom he is playing—his influence is only limited by the measure and the strength of his personality.

It is evident to all who study boys that each one has some talent, some sure point of contact, some key into *his hidden inner* life, if one has but the tact and patience to find it.

The effort must be to furnish each boy with the thing to do that he likes best; that which he was made to do, and to put each boy under a teacher who is himself especially interested and thoroughly posted in the business or pleasure which most interests the boy, and to let the two work out their talents together.

At this point, there is something to be noticed of the greatest importance: it is that the leader should keep forever first his influence upon the real life and character of the boy while the games and workshops are viewed mainly as a point of contact, a pretext for a friendship, a means to a definite end. Through this natural friendship, if rightly used, the worker can reach the boy at almost any point for his good.

"Not charity, but a friend" is what the wild boy of the street wants and most needs. Rev. Wm. Byron Forbush, author of "The Boy Problem," has said:

A Group of Boot-Blacks Absorbed in a Crap Game

Sleep-Outs

PU LIBRA

"It must be recognized that our unnatural city life is producing a type of boy, in large numbers, who is homeless in the sense that his home is too dreary for an evening shelter or that he is too restless to remain in it, who is too sensational in his tastes to be reached at present by the evening school, and who is not easily corraled in the Y. M. C. A., the church or the social settlement. This kind of boy goes to the street boys' club. There he finds shelter, amusement, opportunity, encouragement, and best of all—a friend." A friend—that is the thing for which the boy's tender, human heart is yearning, and for the lack of which he often turns himself into something more like a fiend. A friend he needs, somebody who cares. "Don't nobody care nothin' 'bout me, so I ain't goin' to care nothin' 'bout nobody else," are the words which one of these hunted street boys was heard to say, and these words bear more deep significance than lies on the surface.

A friend he needs; some one who cares whether he is living or dead, whether he is good or bad; some one to help him when he is tempted to evil, to encourage him when he seeks to do good, to be proud of him when he has done a manly deed. He needs some one before whose eyes he will be ashamed to come if he has done wrong, and before whom he will be proud to appear if he has done the smallest good.

Says Mr. Oscar L. Dudley, after long years of experience with neglected boys at the Illinois Manual Training School Farm: "The good nature in the

street boy, as in other boys, predominates over the bad, if it is given an opportunity," and if the bad most often comes to the surface, the cause is usually traceable to the fact that the boy has been kicked about, misunderstood and cruelly treated by a drunken parent or guardian, driven from corner to alley by the policemen and hounded from left to right until he raises his hand "agin" everybody because he feels that everybody's hand is raised "agin" him.

The ordinary street waif has been hounded and beaten, and kicked and mistreated so long that he has become shy and suspicious of everybody. When such a boy first bashfully enters the rooms of a boys' club, he looks about with a quizzical eye, wondering what game is to be worked upon him now, or what trap is laid for him. To break this reserve and to win his confidence is the first effort.

For this purpose the game room provides the simplest and most natural way imaginable.

Schiller once said: "Man is wholly man only when he plays." At other times, he is a mixture of conventionalities. In play, he throws off his mask and shows himself as he really is. This is especially true of children. A boy is never more himself than when at play. Then he is off his guard; then he is in his natural savage state; then one can study him as he is. Games and athletics afford a "point of contact," which with many, could be gotten in no other way.

"Play" says Miss Lombroso, "is for the child an occupation as serious and as important as study and

work are to the adult; he needs to play just as the silk worm needs continually to eat leaves."

Mr. Chamberlain, author of "The Child," has said: "The first necessity for the proper exercise of the play instinct in a child is a maximum of child-activity with a minimum of adult interference." Yet, it is evident, that in most cases the bad boy is bad simply because he has had no "adult interference" in his amusements; because he has had no guide, no one to check his evil impulses and to encourage his good tendencies.

Chas. Stelzle has said: "When you open one door of enjoyment and healthy pleasure, you have closed a dozen avenues to sin and shame."

Again, Judge Lindsey of Denver says: "It is as natural for a boy or girl to want joy or fun as it is to be hungry. It is just as important to satisfy one as the other. If either be satisfied unlawfully, it must be corrected." So play is necessarily an important part of this work; but it is made educative. It is kept under control and wisely directed.

It is of immense value to the friendless, unloved street boy to feel that some one is interested in seeing that he has a good time. When it first dawns upon the boy, as a newcomer, that the Boy's Club is a place prepared expressly that he may have fun and be happy, and when he realizes that all these good things are really for him, then the soft place in his heart which has long been hidden from sight, begins to disclose itself. Then he loses a little of his reserve. When he begins to see that there is somebody in the

world who really cares for him—not only for his soul—but for him; that rejoices to see him happy; when he sees by looking around, that the other boys are being loved, he begins to want some of it for himself, although it often takes long for it to really get through his head that any one could ever love him. By and by, however, he submits to be petted, and often the little dirty, hungry-faced children come up beside a worker, cuddle up against him, as a cat rubs against her mistress, and wait to be petted.

Thus, the games and play-rooms are the means of "breaking the ice," of getting acquainted, of first showing these waifs, starving for love as they are, that here they can be satisfied.

The play-method pervades the whole work. The boy is not forced into anything. He is soon led on to see that there is just as much or more fun to be had in the carpentershop as in the play-room. A boy likes to make things. The work, although it is work of the hardest kind, is presented to him as play. So it comes about that before he knows it, and while he is still "playing," he has begun to learn a trade, he has become of some use, a germ of ambition has been aroused; he feels that he belongs somewhere in the great plan of the universe. He is allowed to gravitate naturally into the line of work for which he is best adapted. When he has found his work, he usually goes at it with all his heart. It is play to him just as much as smashing window panes and annoying the police was his play before, only he has found

a more lawful, and as long as he is at it, a more interesting game.

Jacob Riis somewhere observes: "It isn't for his badness that the boy admires the tough, but for the real heroic stuff that is in him, for his courage, his resourcefulness, his daring. Give these qualities their legitimate means of expression in hard organized play and burglary will be abandoned as an inferior form of sport."

This fact has been proven true in one instance at least. An Italian boy, named Tony, was the ringleader of one of the tough, property-destroying "gangs" which exist in great numbers in the downtown district of Chicago. He and his "gang" were early members of the Chicago Boys' Club. As would be expected, this gang of boys from time to time caused much trouble to the disciplinarian of the Club. Time after time, Tony, as the cause of the disturbance, had to be forcibly (but lovingly, if you can imagine the paradox) put out of the building. This is the only form of discipline ever used in this place, and it is a most effectual one. Every time Tony was "put out" he went into a rage, threatening to tear up the whole institution, to get his "big brudder to fix Mr. Colaby," etc. Each time he, with his gang, lay in wait for the worker against whom he was offended and pelted him with missiles as he walked along the street. This, however, did not last long, until Tony sent one of his young retainers as an ambassador to ask if "Tony couldn't come up to de Club."

The practice has always been to keep him out

until he saw the gravity of the occasion, and saw that it was "up to him" whether he should remain a member or not. After several days of intercession, Tony sent his young scout to ask: "Mr. Colaby, Tony wants to see you, he says he'll be good." There was one time in particular when Tony had been specially "bad" and had been kept out faithfully for a long time, that Mr. Colby, the boy's director, finally went out, and putting his arms around the little fellow as if he were his own child, tenderly forgave him and allowed him to come back to "de Club."

This time, however, as special help to his good resolutions, Tony was led into the carpenter shop and there put on duty as policeman. The little fellow felt that he was being relied upon, so he stationed himself at his bench in the middle of the room, and went to work with a will. The device worked, and for a time Tony not only kept himself "straight" but saw to it that perfect order was maintained in the entire shop. There is an intense manliness in these chaps, which, if appealed to in the right way, will respond, as it did in this case.

These industrial departments, the various shops where fifteen or twenty boys are gathered in a family circle about a teacher, form a most valuable point of contact; they enable the teacher to get close to the boy and to get into the secrets of his heart as he could in no other way. Then, there is the "Young Citizens' Club." It has a dignified name, and is really accomplishing a dignified end; but it is practically

only "a heart-to-heart talk." Here where from a dozen to thirty of the older and more mature boys are gathered all to themselves in a quiet room, for the purpose of self-improvement and under the direction of a wise and loving leader, there is business being transacted whose results will be known only in eternity. These boys are not only learning to think and to act properly, but they are coming under the impress of a strong personality; they are coming in touch with new visions of life; they are learning the true value of citizenship, and more than all, that there is a place in the world for each of them. Another valuable opportunity and opening into the real life of the boy is afforded through the means of outdoor sports. The baseball team is composed of a "mixed and motley mass," but there is real manly stuff in them, nevertheless. Its membership is made up as follows: two negroes, one Jew, one Italian, one Frenchman, one Scotchman, two Americans and one half-breed Chinaman.

These are all boys full of life, of bravado, of recklessness. It is difficult to pin them down in a classroom, or even to interest them in shop-work; but they are interested in baseball, and with the baseball bait they must be captured.

A strong Christian man takes hold of the team, organizes it, arranges for its equipment with uniform and outfit, becomes its manager, schedules its games, personally conducts the boys on their trips, and throws his whole heart into the game. He gradually wins the respect, the confidence, the following of the boys,

and becomes their champion for fair play, a manly game and a "square deal." He makes himself "all things to all men that he may by all means win some."

Again an invaluable "Point of Contact" is afforded through summer outings. Every summer there are a large number of boys taken for an outing into the country, into the fresh air of "God's out-of-doors." They are taken out in groups, each group remaining for one week. They are taken in small groups because the purpose is not simply pleasure and an outing, but a "Point of Contact." The most valuable work is not done "en masse," but hand-in-hand and heart-to-heart.

The boys occupy a tent and live together like a family. The leader is, for the time, their father upon whom they are entirely dependent for their food, their pleasures, their protection, and their guidance.

He has an opportunity and an influence over them which none but those who have tried it can estimate. He lives out his life before them, the best there is in him given up for their benefit.

Although he does not spend all of his time praying or "talking religion" to them, yet there is, in camp, a time to pray as well as a time to play, and the leader can pray with them with effect when it is time to pray, because he has previously played with them with his whole heart when it was time to play.

As an example of this: One night, when the boys were all gathered about a sparkling camp-fire,

after the usual ghost-story had been told, the fun of the evening drifted into a pillow fight. The leader stood by as referee and encouraged the boys to put in their best licks until the last couple had dropped with exhaustion; then he, himself, grasped a straw pillow, threw one to a young man visiting the camp, and "lit-in" to the fight in person. Directly after the hilarity of the evening was over, it being bedtime, the boys retired into the tent and a season of the most reverent and spiritual prayer followed as a natural wind-up of the day's fun and the evening's joyous hilarity. Although in camp, very little, if any, formal preaching is done, yet, well-nigh every occasion furnishes an opportunity for a practical sermon. Usually, however, the text is given and the conclusion is drawn before the boys begin to realize that they are being preached unto. Out in the woods, under God's blue sky, enfolded by His pure air, and surrounded by all His marvellous creations, every place is a sanctuary, and every bush and stone and animal is the source of a text,—if not a sermon in itself. Especially when gathered around the evening camp-fire the boys are usually in a devotional state of mind and in an earnest and receptive mood for truth from any source—that is, provided it does not come in stilted phrases and formal tones. These boys, above all things, must be approached naturally. No moral must be forced upon them or tacked on to anything. It must seem to be there already and the leader only opens their eyes to see that it is there.

For instance, one time the boys were seated around

an evening camp-fire. It was time for stories. In the afternoon, they had been out with their leader for a ramble and had captured some small frogs. While seated around the fire, one of the boys wrapped an innocent looking frog in paper, and cast it while still alive, into the blaze. This instantly and opportunely suggested the story of the persecution of the early Christians, and at the end, the boys (most of them Jews) saw with very little explanation that the faith that would inspire men to suffer such things steadfastly must be more than sham. The frog, however, was the cause and the occasion of the story, and its influence it was that enforced the lesson.

On another occasion when it had been raining for several days, until the boys had become dissatisfied and almost disheartened, as the leader knelt to pray at night, the boys thought surely if his prayers amount to anything they can bring us a good day tomorrow. So the leader was asked to pray for a good day, and it was desired that he pray aloud that they might see that the thing was rightly done and that there was no pretending about it. So the prayer was said, and it was generally taken as a matter of course that the sun would rise clear and fair the next morning. According to the expectation of all, the day was fair and the boys all took pride in telling that the bright day was due to the prayer of their leader.

The boys, at camp, soon learn to correct one another for swearing and for other evil habits. Every manly sport and true wholesome amusement is en-

couraged among them, and no jolly, jovial prank is ever frowned upon, even if it is played upon the leader, as is often the case. No effort at good, although done, as often, in fun and with a half mischievous intent, is ever depreciated. For example, once when the leader was late to a meal, and the boys were hungry, they were about to begin with their food when some one remembered that the customary practice of "saying thanks" had not been observed. At this, a little red-headed shaver called the boys to silence and then spoke out confidently: "O Lord, we t'ank de for dis grub," after which the meal proceeded with the usual good will.

It is found that at camp there is seldom any occasion to blame or to rebuke a boy; his mischief is natural and for the most part wholesome. If it becomes vicious and is harmful, it is usually the fault of the leader because he has not given the boy something good to do, or directed his energies into the right channel.

Discipline is maintained in camp as in all this work, not by police force or by stringent rules, but by love, by comradeship, and by appealing to the manliness and the sense of honour which all street boys possess in a marked degree.

Yet with all the value which pertains to these various things, the games, the industrial departments, the outdoor sports, and the summer camps, it is coming to be seen more and more by the managers of the Club that these things are only the spokes of the wheel and revolve around the central axis, the really

fundamental thing, which is the public evangelistic meeting.

To get the boys into this meeting and under the influence of strong, wholesome men, is, and has been from the first, the ultimate aim of all the Club's efforts. Without these other things, the effort to preach the word would be almost futile; it would be like the wheel without the spokes, unstable and unserviceable; but with these, it is, as it always has been, the power of God unto salvation.

In the following chapter the method and the results of this religious work will be more fully explained than space here allows.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—*Jesus.*

V

RELIGIOUS WORK WITH STREET WAIFS

As much has been said in the foregoing chapters about the necessity of providing for the needs of the boy's spiritual nature, it is only fitting that a separate chapter be devoted to explaining more in detail how religious work is done at this institution. For six years, the officers of the Boys' Club of Chicago have been trying to solve the problem of how to do religious work among street waifs.

The superintendent of the Club undertook, from the first, to prove, both to himself and to the public, that a street waif has a soul which can be reached with religious influences. How to accomplish this, however, was for some time, a matter of experimentation, and often of blundering failure. But now, within the last two years, the problem has been practically solved, and the proof that it can be done is demonstrated. In the early years of the work, public meetings were held for the boys; but at that time, discipline and reverence were things to them unknown. For a long time it was necessary to have one adult worker to guard every six boys in the audience room and even with this precaution, pandemonium often reigned.

At one time, a young preacher volunteered to con-

duct religious meetings with the boys. On the first evening, after the preliminary songs, the good brother rose to speak. As he halted for a moment, seeking for the proper word with which to begin, a little voice piped up from the rear of the room: "Oh! de guy forgot his speech!" At this a burst of boisterous laughter arose and then general confusion followed. While the disconcerted leader was trying to regain order, the boys arose in a body and stumbled noisily out of the room. This brother soon decided that he had missed his calling.

At another time, a student from one of the Bible schools of Chicago was undertaking to instruct the boys in spiritual truths. His subject for the first evening was Conversion. After he had finished his speech (all of which was unintelligible to the untutored minds of his audience) he asked for every boy who wanted to have a "new heart" to raise his hand. In an instant every hand in the house was raised. The leader, seeing that they did not comprehend, proceeded still further to explain what he meant by a new heart. This time he said in solemn tones: "Now, boys, if there are any of you who really mean it and who really want to have Jesus take away your sins, I want you to come up here while we sing and kneel down by these chairs." As the song began, one little ragged chap pushed his way out from the middle of a row of seats and shuffled towards the front. He was followed by another and then by another. In a moment they began to come by platoons. Soon there was a stampede. The little fellows actually

piled on top of one another there about the platform until they were three and four deep. Then the preacher, eager to make sure that there was one intelligent boy among them, again counselled them in the simplest language he could devise, concerning the seriousness of the step they were taking. This time he asked the boy who really meant to "be a Christian" to go over and kneel in the corner. Of course they all wanted to be Christians (whatever that word meant, none of them knew) so to the leader's amazement and chagrin, the boys all untangled themselves from the pile they had made before the platform and followed one another, like dumb sheep, to the corner. Here they piled up again, a squirming, struggling mass of humanity. The sight was both ludicrous and pitiable. The young man who led this meeting soon decided that, although he was called to preach, his mission surely was not to street waifs.

Although these early experiments were discouraging to the individuals who participated in them, they did not disprove the possibility of giving religious training to street boys. As those who were daily working with the boys in the play-rooms and the workshops of the Club became better acquainted with them, it came to be seen that they could easily lodge many a truth in their hearts while in personal contact with them as no stranger would be able to do. Finally one of these who were actually working with the boys undertook himself, to conduct an open religious meeting with them. In this meeting it was found that the audience was much more quiet and

respectful than usual and that they listened very attentively to what was said. This change of attitude on the part of the boys was due to the fact that the leader of the meeting knew them and understood their minds and their needs, and that the boys knew and understood him. They were on a common level and could speak a common language.

So the secret of success in religious work with street boys was found in first getting close to them in every-day life, and becoming acquainted with their thoughts and lives. For two years the same man who has had charge over the boys in the play-rooms and industrial classes, also has had charge over them in the religious meeting. He, by virtue of his acquaintance with them individually, and his knowledge of their needs, can reach them religiously as no outsider can.

Most boys' club workers throughout the country claim that if they should mention religious subjects to their members, it would scare them away. But the fact has been proven that boys are predisposed to listen to religious instruction as presented by those who have come into daily touch with them in the boys' club as they would to no one else. "It seems to me," says Charles Stelzle, "that instead of the boys' club being an organization from which religion must be debarred, it really presents one of the finest opportunities for such work." In fact, there is no better (I could almost say, no other) way to reach the street boy religiously than by first gaining a "point of contact" with him through the medium of

play and work. This practice of playing or working with the boy through the week, preëmpts the leader from becoming scholastic, pedantic and "high-faulooting" in his dealings with him on Sunday. It brings the boy and his teacher into natural relations, and religious work with street boys can only be done naturally. The essential thing is that it be done in the right way and by the right person.

The wonderful success which this institution has achieved along this line is due to several causes.

1. The board of directors, the managers, the individual workers and all who are connected with it, are men of religious profession and of godly life.

2. All of the various activities of the institution are made to centre about this one object. The goal towards which all of the efforts of the workers tend is to prepare the minds and hearts of the boys and girls so that they are open to moral and spiritual influences. Upon this one thing are centred all the prayers, the consecrated tact and the faithful endeavour of all the workers. All the games, the entertainments, the industrial classes, the summer outings, and the heart-to-heart talks, are just a means to this end.

3. The man who has charge of the religious meetings, understands, as few men do, how to make spiritual things interesting and attractive to street waifs. He is not afraid of using unusual methods. He does not adhere always to the regular Methodist "order of worship." He realizes that he is dealing

with live, mischievous, flesh-and-blood human beings. He does not conduct an ordinary pious, sleepy prayer-meeting and expect these little "hooligans" of the street to come to it. No, he has "something doing." He makes the meetings so interesting and so satisfying to the little hungry-hearted street waifs that they had rather go to them than to all the gaudy shows and corrupting entertainments the street can offer them.

4. The meetings are made informal and the program is elastic. It is not meant to be a meeting *for* boys; but rather a meeting *with* boys. They are given to feel that it is their meeting and that its success depends upon their efforts. To this intent, various plans are devised by which the boys are kept busy. At one time they were organized according to the order of the Knights of King Arthur. The older boys were called knights, the boys of intermediate age were called esquires, and the younger ones were called pages. Over them all was their king, who presided over the meetings. Each of the three orders had its captain, who was made responsible for the attendance and the behaviour of those in his company. Each order had its distinguishing badges and regalia, and occupied its reserved portion of the Assembly Hall. Every boy of each order was supposed to be there on meeting night to occupy his assigned place. This plan proved, for a time, to be a strong drawing card to the boys and also a valuable means of influencing them for good. But, like most good things, it gradually lost

its attractiveness and had to be replaced by something else.

At another time, two of the most popular and influential of the boys were started upon a contest to see which one could induce the most of his friends to attend the meeting on a certain evening. For days before the appointed time, both of these boys scoured the streets inviting boys of all classes and colours to come to that meeting and labelling them with the coloured ribbon representing their respective sides. When the contest was over, the winning side gave a banquet to the losers, and paid for it with their own earnings.

At other times the boys are allowed to take part in the meetings. Often they volunteer to stand and tell the other boys their experiences or deliver their quaint precepts. Once a boy who had for some time lived the life of a tramp and a vagabond, told the boys in primitive, slangy phrases, but in intensely earnest tones, of some of his hair-breadth escapes in riding on the rods underneath the freight trains and under the steps of passenger coaches. He concluded his address with these words: "Youse guys don't never want to do dat!" These quaint words were more effective than a sermon.

5. Music is made a large feature in the meetings. Not only does outside talent of various kinds and from various sources often furnish a musical treat for the boys, but the boys also furnish musicians for the evening from among their own number. For several months a Jewish boy led the singing in the religious

meetings of the Club and sang with a feeling which was pathetic as well as with a voice which was clear and strong. This boy also sang as solos, gospel songs which touch the heart because the sentiment of the song came from the depths of the singer's heart and from the promptings of his new religious experience. There is a trio of boys who sing occasionally in these meetings. One of them is a Jew, one an Italian, and the third an Assyrian. So the boys like to go to the meetings in order to hear "de guys sing," as they express it. And the congregational singing where all join in—that is singing, indeed; not perfectly harmonious, it is true, but the noisy, ringing, heart-warming kind such as only those can know who have heard a crowd of street waifs sing. Then, the singing is often interchanged with whistling. Sometimes the leader calls for those on one side of the house to sing while the others whistle, then for those on this side to whistle while the others sing, and then for all together to whistle the air, thus arousing an interest which appeals to the boy nature in a boy as nothing else can.

6. In almost every meeting there is some one present to make a talk. These speeches are not pious platitudes, but live, manly, gospel talks, short and straight to the point, by men who love boys and who understand boy nature. They are not addresses on theological subjects, but plain, simple talks on matters which pertain to the every-day life of the boy. Sometimes, instead of an ordinary talk, some one is

present to give a lecture illustrated by stereopticon or crayon. These are always interesting and are often made to tell very powerfully upon the lives of the boys. These talks, however, let it be said, are of a unique character as applied to boys' club work. They are not talks on ethics, or natural history, or politics, or how-to-get-rich; but talks that stir the heart, that rouse the moral nature and that present to the boys, in unmistakable terms, the Saviour of the world.

7. All the above named influences have their part in producing the success of the religious meetings; but there is still another cause which is more effectual than all the rest. This cause is one that lies deeper than all outward influences. Still, it is no new thing. It does not represent a modern fad. It is as old as the human race. The fact is too often overlooked that a waif of the street although he is outwardly repulsive and unkempt, wicked and seemingly hardened, is still a human being. He has a throbbing, yearning, hungering heart underneath his dirt and his rags, and he yearns, as do all of the human race, for the good and the true. He does not go to the religious meeting because he consciously desires to be made good; but because there he is thrown into the warmth and the cheer and the soul-satisfaction of a Christian atmosphere. There religion is presented as a natural thing. The prayer and the faith of a child—even of an "alley rat"—is considered most natural and most precious. The customary practice at these meetings is not for the

leader to pray *for* the boys, as if God would only hear him on their behalf; it is rather to pray *with* the boys, for their prayers are surely as precious in God's sight as are any of his. In the prayer that is offered during every meeting, the boys are taught that it is they who are praying, that it is their prayer; and in most of their minds there isn't the shadow of a doubt but that God hears and answers their prayer. This, I believe, is the secret of their eager attendance upon these meetings. It is said of Christ that the common people heard Him gladly. This was true because He made Himself one of them and appealed to their hungry hearts with a genuine message of hope and love. The boys go to these religious meetings and go eagerly because the message they receive does not repel them with its austerity, but draws them by the naturalness of its appeal and the sincerity of its presentation.

It is strange, but true, that these boys, Jews and Roman Catholics though they be, will go more eagerly and more persistently to a place where they are told squarely and plainly about moral and spiritual things than they will to a meeting where the truth is compromised and religious matters are avoided. The theory is entirely false which states that people of foreign belief from ours will flee from religious instruction. They flee from cant and presumption and professionalism, but they are drawn towards sincerity, truth and genuine love as a thirsty deer is drawn irresistibly towards the brook.

In order to experiment along this line, the re-

ligious director of the Chicago Boys' Club once set aside two evenings each week for public meetings with the boys. In the meetings which were held on Tuesday evenings, he gave the boys to understand that here nothing but pure entertainment and secular instruction would be allowed. The talks and accompanying exercises were to be wholesome and morally uplifting in their nature but no teaching that was directly religious would be presented.

Concerning the Thursday evening meetings, however, they were all given clearly to understand that this was to be a religious meeting. Here Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant were all to be treated alike as creatures of God in need of the Creator's help. Nothing was to be said against Judaism and Catholicism, or for or against any "ism" or creed, but the little children's souls were to be dealt with faithfully and their lives were to be brought face to face with the Saviour of life. Almost from the first of this experiment the Thursday night religious meeting grew popular and the Tuesday night entertainment meeting lost favour among the boys. The Tuesday evening meetings failed because the boys could get more exciting amusement and more thrilling entertainment at the theatres and the dime museums than at the club, but these places couldn't give them what the Thursday evening meeting supplied—the satisfaction for their heart hunger and the gratification of their desire for love and comfort. During the first year in which this experiment was tried the average attendance was

far larger on Thursday evenings when the distinctively religious meetings were held than on Tuesday evenings when merely social and ethical returns were expected. This was due to the fact that on Thursday nights the boys got just what they wanted and what they could obtain nowhere else; while on Tuesday nights they received just a tame substitute for the excitement and the glare with which they were so familiar on the street. It is not a substitute for the saloon, the dance-hall and the theatre that the people of the slums need—at least if a substitute means, as it too often does, something different from the original but so much like it that one can scarcely tell the difference—but the providing of the thing which they really, intrinsically need, and that for which the best that is in them craves. And they all do crave for this. No matter how hardened, or vicious, or indifferent they may seem, if the living, feeding, soul-satisfying truth is told to them in the right way, they will come to it as steel comes to the magnet.

Having now described the principle upon which this work is done, and the method of doing it, let us consider what are some of its results. Of course the most important results, and those which may be the most far-reaching in their consequences, are impossible to tabulate. "Figures count for but little when you are dealing with soul-stuff." But there are some visible results which may well be reported for the encouragement of those who think the task is impossible.

1. Among the membership in general there is

now evident a very marked respect for the essentials of religion, for prayer, for sacred song and for testimony. The deportment of the boys during the religious meeting is almost perfect. In this respect there is a complete change from what existed in the early days of the work.

2. The boys, irrespective of their religious home training and inherited beliefs, are absolute believers in the efficacy of prayer. They are not here taught the theory of it, but the practice; so they believe in it because they have seen it tried and proven. The prayers offered in the meetings are usually made to centre upon a definite object. Some one of the Club workers is sick, some one of the boys has been injured or fallen a prey to temptation, some specific need has arisen, so they all agree that the only solution of the trouble is to speak to God about it. And when it has been left with Him, they all believe that it will end for the best.

One Thursday evening the leader of the meeting announced to the boys that one of their friends was very ill. Then he asked them what they should do about it. They all responded, "pray." But before the prayer was offered, the leader said to the audience: "Now, boys, suppose we should pray for this sick one to-night and she should not be well in the morning? What if we should keep on praying and she should not get well at all? What if we should ask God to make her well and she should die?" At this new problem the boys all sat still in wonder. Then the leader proceeded to tell them of people who had

lain for long years upon beds of sickness and had there lived such beautiful lives as to be a blessing to many. He also told them of people whose loved ones had been taken from them, but gain had come out of their loss. In the end the boys all agreed that God knew what was best, and would always do the right thing.

3. In some instances immediate returns have been obtained as the result of an evening's meeting. In one meeting, a young man from the Anti-Cigarette League gave a talk, illustrated by stereopticon, showing the evil effects of cigarette smoking. The talk was so clearly and forcibly presented that at least forty of the boys afterwards pledged to desist from smoking. After another meeting, a boy of Jewish parentage and of strong Jewish prejudices, came to the leader privately and said: "Mr. C——, you know that I used to hate those songs we sing about Jesus. I used to hate the very name of Jesus, but now it is so different, I love those songs, I love Jesus, and I love everybody." After this time, this boy became the leader of the singing in the gospel meeting and a beautiful soloist, singing from the heart, those very songs which he once despised.

4. While there have been a few of these immediate results, there are more which have been gradual, the natural result of the permeating influence of a Christian atmosphere and a faithful religious instruction. The Club is meant to be a Christian home for the boys. Its atmosphere and influence are made to be as nearly as possible like that of the ennobling Christian

homes from which the workers have come. The best fruits of this kind of seed sowing come gradually and ripen in due season; but that the fruits do come, and that the harvests are ripening, will be seen from considering the following facts.

There are two boys in the Club, both of whom have been members almost from the first. These two boys are leaders of two rival gangs of would-be desperadoes who prey upon the down-town public. Both of them have police records and one of them has been several times to the reform school. This boy was known at the reform school as an audacious, hot-headed, fiery-tempered, uncontrollable culprit. The club now considers these two boys among its most hopeful subjects. For a year or more, they have employed their "gang-instinct" and their gang rivalry for good among the members of the club. An account of some of their doings in this way has been given earlier in this chapter. Tony, the leader of one of these gangs, has become very tractable and very earnest in his endeavours to do right. In one of the informal religious meetings when the boys were freely telling their experiences and frankly reciting their difficulties, this boy said: "Mr. C——, it seems like I can't live right in dis city. I don't swear no more, I don't gamble now, but you know when I get out wid de guys and dey have de makin's and dey say 'have a smoke, Tony,' I just can't help it. An' when some big guy hits a little guy, I just can't help it: I gotto fight, and den I get mad, and den I cuss. De only way I can live right is

to git out in de country away from all de guys where won't nobody have no makin's an' where you can't fight cause dey ain't nobody to fight wid. You wait till nex' summer, den I go out in de country, den I be good." Until then, he's making a heroic fight where he is, and he has the highest respect and sympathy from all his gang.

The other boy spoke thus to the audience: "Yez guys ought 'o help a fellow. I see a guy had the makin's, an' anudder guy cum up an' knocked it out his hands. We guys don't want 'o smoke. Yez guys ought 'o help a fellow." The leader of the meeting said quietly: "Boys, how are you going to stop these things?" At this, both of the boys who had spoken, said earnestly, "Mr. C——, you pray for us."

Nobody knows the temptations that these little chaps have, surrounded as they are by evil companions and by degrading influences on every side. Surely the Saviour who died for the world, must have had these in mind when He made the sacrifice. Shall we not tell them about Him?

"In the fight for the lad, it is the Boys' Club that knocks out the gang."—*Jacob Riis.*

VI

THE NEWSBOY AND HIS REAL LIFE

As all the members of the Chicago Boys' Club are of the newsboy element, and practically all of them are either now or have once been engaged in paper-selling, it is fitting that a chapter of this book be devoted to their interests.

First, let it be noticed that a newsboy is not a freak. He is not a curious specimen of humanity to be placed in a cage for the amusement of those passing by. He is not a menagerie specimen, but a human being.

Until the newsboy, or any other class of people, is approached as a human being and viewed from the human standpoint, but little of real value can be done for him.

The question to be asked about this class of boys (or rather about each individual who forms this class) is not what is his outward appearance, or even what are his outward habits; but rather how does he live, what does he think, and how does he feel, what are the desires, the ambitions, the yearnings of the throbbing heart which exists underneath his rough exterior? An inner view of this question is afforded through the life and words of Owen Kildare, who was himself for ten years a homeless, hounded news-

boy. He speaks of "this most emotional creature, the newsboy." In the conclusion of his interesting autobiography, entitled "My Mamie Rose," he says: "I want to show that their hearts (those of the people of the slums) hunger most and not their stomachs, and want to ask you to believe that they, as well as others, cannot only feel hunger and cold, but can also love and despair." In the account of his newsboy life, he tells of a kind-hearted woman who found him on the street, and with a feeling of pity for his condition, offered him a penny. "With a light pat on my young cheek," the author adds, "and one of the sunniest smiles ever shed on me, she was gone before I could realize what had happened. There, penny in hand, I stood, dreaming and stroking the cheek she had touched, and asking myself why she had done so. Somehow, I felt that, were she to come back, I could just have said to her: 'Say lady, I ain't got much to give, but I'll give you all me poipers, and me pennies, and me knife, if you'll only say and do that over again.'"

This little street arab, now grown to be a useful and widely honoured man, was, like all others of his class, hungry for a touch of love, for a look or a word of sympathy, and had he failed to find it, he would now doubtless have been a Bowery thug and a depraved criminal instead of the Christian citizen and widely honoured man of letters that he is.

The above statements are quoted thus early in the chapter in order that the reader may obtain from one who knows whereof he speaks a conception of the

human side of the unknown creature who is thoughtlessly dubbed a "gutter snipe" or an "alley rat."

So to know the boy, to understand his life, to get at the inner secrets of his being, must be our first concern, before much good can be done for him. The only way to win a wild boy of the streets to a better life is to take an interest in him and to show this interest by the actions and the life; to take an active interest in his business, his pleasures, his temptations, his ambitions, and even his vices. To learn to know the boy as he is, and to love him in spite of what he is, is the only way to win him.

The first requisite in order to know the child as he is and to understand him, is to discover his parentage and learn the influence of his home. The largest proportion of the newsboys in our large cities are of foreign parentage. In Chicago, most of them are Italians and Jews. Most of the parents are newly arrived emigrants from Italy and Russia, and are ignorant of the English language and of American customs. The boys, mingling as they do every day with English speaking people, and attending the public schools, learn the American ways, while their parents remain as they were, simple European peasants. "There is no story," says Myron Adams, "more tragic in the annals of life in Chicago than the break between the American boy of foreign parentage and his tenement home. The boy learns to discount his parents' ignorance, and they misunderstand and half fear his strange new world wisdom. The boy, becoming impatient of their restraint, runs away,

sleeps out a night or two, maintains himself by selling papers, likes the license and excitement of the street life, and his home knows him no more."

Another cause of the boy's estrangement from and avoidance of his home is the drunken brutality and the unjust treatment of his ignorant, depraved parent.

Also, it is to be noticed that in many instances, the boy is not wanted at home; there is no room for him there. The entire family lives in one, or at best, two or three small, dingy rooms. As the children multiply and the poverty and squalor increase, the older boy is crowded out. His only value to his family is the increased income he can produce through his paper selling; so, if he fails to produce this, he is driven from his home. "Kipping out," as the boys call it, is with many of them, of frequent, and sometimes of regular occurrence. On the street, at least he finds a welcome, congenial companions and liberty to do as he pleases. The "comfort" of sleeping over a warm grating, in front of a "hot-wheel," in a corner or a doorway covered over with papers and rags is little less than the comfort he might receive in the stifling atmosphere of a crowded, reeking room in his tenement home. So with many of the newsboys, for more or less of the time the street and the alley are made their dwelling place.

A sample of this kind of boy life may be found in "Nickie," a member of the Chicago Boys' Club. Nicholas, commonly known as "Nickie," is an Italian boy, eleven years of age. He is a newsboy of the newsboys. There is no trick of the trade or experi-

ence of newsboy life that he does not know. Being in school during the day, he gets down town at about four o'clock, makes his way to the "News Alley" and the "Meriken" (Chicago *American*), and is soon seen on the street, with a bundle of *Sports* under his arm, crying his wares. And on the street he stays, hot weather and cold, until ten and often eleven o'clock at night, selling his papers. Nickie, although the youngest of the three newsboy brothers, often takes home the largest sum at night to replenish the family treasury. He accomplishes this by several devices. He has learned not only the knack of the newsboy, but also the art of begging. Like many another diminutive newsboy,—and the smaller they are the better for this purpose,—he takes one lone newspaper under his arm, and, with a look the most pitiable and forlorn, approaches a stranger (usually a man accompanied by a lady), and asks an alms. His scanty clothing, his hungry, pleading look, and the existence of his one "last" paper, win him the day. He also wins it over his older and larger brothers by quietly walking into saloons, elbowing up close to a man with costly clothing, and staying with him until he has received his "tip." When Nickie and his two brothers compare notes after the day's work, they say to one another: "Are you stuck?" "Are you square?" And the answer comes from one or the other: "No, I'm broke; lemme t'ree pennies an' I'm square." To the initiated these words mean that each boy is expected to bring home with him each night a certain amount of

earnings, and, if he fails in this, he must suffer the consequences. This being the case, the boy often, when "broke," prefers to spend the night on the street or in "de alley wid de guys" to going home and receiving the treatment which he knows awaits him. The next morning, if his brother asks him where he was, he answers simply: "I kipped out."

In appearance, Nickie is a sight to behold. Dressed in man's trousers, cut down till they strike him a little above the ankle, men's shoes that reach to within an inch of his trouser legs, a collarless man's shirt, without coat in summer, and with usually a dirty jumper on in winter, he shambles along the street dragging his much overlarge shoes, altogether an object worthy of observation. He is worthy of pity, too; but not so much for his quaint attire and his grimy face as for his neglected mind and his unenlightened, unloved heart.

The boy, devoid as he is of all parental control and affection, and constantly in fear of the police and the truant officer, soon comes to lead a wild and lawless life. As Owen Kildare has said, and said out of his own hard experience: "If a child has but little in his life to love, and that little is taken out of his life, that child can turn into a veritable little demon." One such boy lives in a crowded tenement on Plymouth Place, in Chicago. The family of seven occupies two dingy, trash-strewn rooms. The head of the household, stepfather to the boy in discussion, is a drunken Italian street-sweeper. The boy hates his stepfather worse than one hates a rattlesnake, and for

Scenes in "de Alley" at One O'clock in the Morning

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this he has good cause. The stepfather is brutal and unmerciful in the extreme. As a result of his ill-treatment at home, the boy has grown to be entirely unmanageable, by force at least. Several times he has been sent to the school of correction. At times, his anger has been known to take such a hold upon him that he has literally pawed the ground and has rammed his head against the wall like a wild beast. He, like many others, is a boy who has never been loved, so like a ferocious dog, he "shows his teeth" at every approach of authority. Yet, under the kind treatment and the encouragement and love which he receives at the Boys' Club, he is usually tractable and obedient.

If it is true that many of these boys, although having homes, live away from home, the question arises: Where and how, then, do they live?

In Chicago, there may be found any night, a group of boys sleeping on the floor of the restaurant at the Chicago *American*. Also, they may be found under the platform at the Polk Street depot, or hid away in some corner or cellar secluded from the vigilant eye of the police. Question these boys and most of them will tell you that they have homes and parents; but, nevertheless, for the reasons above stated, here they are to be found every night in the year.

Yet, to see the newsboy as he is, and to get an adequate idea of his habits and his temptations, it is necessary to take into account his environments and the influence of these upon his life. Some idea of his home and its influence has been given above;

but really, his home, his school and his playground are on the street. What is called "News Alley," or in newsboy parlance, simply "de alley," is his habitat and his headquarters.

"De alley" is the narrow passageway back of the *American*. As one enters this alley, if it be in the daytime, the first thing to be noticed is a confused mass of teams, crowding, backing and turning in the narrow passageway. Among these may be seen boys and men and officers. Men and older boys rush out, carrying on their shoulders heavy burdens of papers to stock their street-corner stands; small boys stroll listlessly about or lounge in the corners, waiting for their papers; and usually there may be seen a burly officer of the law on the watch for the ever-brewing fight or the never-far-distant crap-game.

There are two alleys, one in the rear of the *American* and the other back of the *Daily News*. In the "Meriken Ally" a restaurant is provided by the paper, where lunches are given free of charge to any boy who purchases a bundle of papers. The "News Alley," on the contrary, is a place of commerce. Almost at the entrance of this is a small booth where "red-hots" and ice cream are sold for a penny a-piece, and "pop" for two cents a bottle. Just beyond this, is a restaurant where cheap lunches are on sale. On one side of the alley is a man sitting under an umbrella selling ice cream from a freezer. Up-stairs on the gymnasium floor is a penny lunch stand. Here in the alley, a statement by Ernest Poole is proven

true: "They seldom bother," he says, "about meals, but eat 'mos'ly always,' the messengers between messages and the newsboys between editions."

These irregular eating places and consequent irregular eating habits may be harmless enough, at least as far as character is concerned, but there are other agencies at work here whose influence is not so mild.

A saloon door opens alluringly out into the alley; its fumes continually greet the nostrils of the boys, and many of the older ones, at least, are lured therein. Just at the west entrance of the alley is a store where dime novels, dice, cards, cigarette papers and tobacco are kept on sale and prominently displayed in the window. Here, as everywhere in city life, there operates the law of supply and demand. The boys have a natural desire for the chance success of the crap-game, for the excitement of the dime novel, for the suggestiveness of obscene pictures, and for the numbing effect of the cigarette, so these things are supplied for them; and in turn the tempting display of the supply makes the demand grow ever greater.

After seeing the "News Alley" by day, take a trip, late in the night, into the *American* alley. If it be in the summer time, there will usually be found from fifty to one hundred and fifty boys there during the night; if in winter, from a dozen to fifty. Many of these are little hungry-faced boys, less than twelve years of age. They mingle in with the older boys, listen eagerly to their coarse talk, drink in the product of their vile minds and become old in the ways of sin while they are still striplings in strength and charac-

ter. A policeman walks among them to preserve order. He stops (at least when a visitor is in sight), the crap-games and the "scraps," but he cannot stop the low talk. As this policeman said to the writer: "There's niver a dacent word spoke."[1]

The boys lounge about engaged in talk and banterings, playing cards or "craps," when they can elude the police, and sleeping at intervals on the rolls of paper or on the rough benches, until three thirty in the morning, when there comes from the press the early edition of the paper, for which they are (the most of them) waiting. Then they rush out upon the street to dispose of their wares to the ever-moving, nocturnal population—to the throngs who habitually turn day into night and "come not to the light, because their deeds are evil."

To such places it is that these young lads, many of them no more than six years of age, go daily and spend their leisure hours. This is their school. This is where they formulate their ideas of justice and of purity. This is the atmosphere in which their characters are being formed. Here the toughest boy, the greatest boaster, the most profane talker and unscrupulous dealer is their hero. The newsboys' heroes are always those "who owe their prominence to physical prowess." Here the one who will bet and swear the most daringly, who can strike the hardest blow, and who can the most

[1] Since the above was written the American alley has been abandoned, the restaurant on whose floor the boys slept is closed, hence sleeping out in this place is discontinued.

successfully perpetrate a crime is the model of manhood for all. Here, as among the ancient Romans, it is a virtue to do wrong, but a sin to be detected. No wonder that the street has been called: "The worst of all schools of crime."

Besides this constant contact with older boys of idle and vicious habits, and this degrading atmosphere in which they live on the street, there are many other surrounding tendencies which militate against the character of the newsboy.

His business entitles him, often even requires him, to enter places with which no child should be acquainted. He goes constantly in and out of the doors of saloons and brothels. One boy, when interviewed, said that he intended to leave the newsboy trade, "'Cause I got to go in saloons, and dere's ladies in dere, and they're drunk, and dey cuss."

The strongest temptations to personal wrong-doing which the boys have to meet, are games of chance, the low theatre, and the cigarette habit.

To the newsboy, the only conceivable way to "git anudder start when you're broke" is to gamble for it. One boy acknowledged that he could stop the swearing, the stealing and the cigarette smoking, but he "couldn't never quit gamblin'."

If a boy has a few pennies in his pocket, but not enough to procure the needed amount of papers from the next edition, he usually hunts up a "bunch of guys" who are "shootin' craps," "flipping pennies" or playing poker, and there risks his little fortune. No matter how many times he loses, you can't con-

vince him that there's any other way to "git anudder start" than this way.

Besides the ordinary theatres there are the dime museums and penny-arcades which consume many of the boys' dimes and pennies, and at the same time debase their minds. Only a hasty glance at some of the obscene, suggestive titles given to the various "Penny-in-a-slot" observation machines in an arcade will suffice to show the character and influence of the thing.

The cigarette habit with newsboys is almost universal. There are many boys on our streets who appear to be no more than eight or nine years of age, who are in reality thirteen or over. They are cigarette fiends and have been since their babyhood.

All these habits and these blighting life tendencies they pick up on the streets, the small boys learning from the older ones, and no one forbidding them or even telling them that it is wrong.

A recent writer on charitable subjects has said: "The newsboy is one of the most familiar figures in our cities' life, a veritable merchant of the street, quick of wit, intent on his trade, often putting the enthusiasm of the day into a few hours when his business is at its best. He is known to all of us. But we see him at his best and know little about him at his worst." A committee which investigated the subject in Liverpool, England, several years ago, reported that "Street trading by children is attended with injury to their health, with interference to their education and with danger to their moral welfare."

One of the Many Traps to Catch the Boys—Located near the Central Building of the Chicago Boys' Club

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As a proof of this statement's application to our own country, Mr. Sloan, when superintendent of the John Worthy School of Chicago, said that "over one third of the newsboys who are committed to the school are suffering from venereal diseases, and they are one third below the average boy in physical development."

Ernest Poole, in an article in *McClure's Magazine* for 1903 maintains that the most of the newsboys of our streets grow up to be tramps and criminals. He seems to base his conclusions, however, upon the theory of the thing rather than upon determined facts, and the facts show that to-day many of our most prominent business men, professional men, scholars and statesmen, were once newsboys and owe their success, in part at least, to their newsboy experience. He argues, however, that the excitement of the street, the indiscriminate handling of money, and the constant thirst for change which are peculiar to the street boy, necessarily make of him a vagrant or a criminal. Mr. Poole's belief is that most of the street boys, when grown, go to recruit the ranks at the race track, the variety show, and the prize ring. "Most all newsboys," he says, "turn out to be failures." This must be true, he argues, "because those who succeed leave the street. Their influence is lost upon it. The beggars, toughs and criminals all remain to teach those who follow. The street is forever losing its successes and accumulating its failures. The homeless, the most illiterate, the most dishonest, the most impure—these are the finished products of child street labour."

This is probably true of the majority of street boys, but fortunately it is not true of all. Mr. Everett Goodhue, an investigator of newsboy conditions in Boston, says that "The difference between the boy who is helped and the boy who is injured by the influence of the street is measured by the power which each has to react on his environment. The boy who gets some portion of good from his environment accepts the conditions imposed by his surroundings only so far as they will work to his advantage. The boys who are injured by knowledge of the street and all its evils are the ones, who on account of no home restraint, have little if any power of self-control."

Yet, strange though it may be, there are those even from poor homes and from under the most unfavourable circumstances, who do have this power of self-control and who do, in a manly way, rise above circumstances. These little men get an experience in the business world, in the handling of money, in the knowledge of men, and in the overcoming of difficulties which places them far ahead of their companions who have not had the same experience. These fellows will win in the battle of life if they can hold their ground against the enormous temptations which beset them. In order to accomplish this, the boy must have some help from without.

The home is the place where these boys ought to be provided for, where they ought in any normal condition of society to be trained and safeguarded; but this fails them—in many cases not only neglects

but contaminates them by the evil influences which exist within it.

The American government has placed the school as a supplementary influence to the home; but often with all the effort which the law can put forth it fails of its purpose, with the nervous, reckless, freedom-loving boy of the street. Mr. John Hinley, a few years ago, made the statement that "one-half of the school boys in the great cities of the United States leave school by the age of eleven, and more than one half do not attend school more than three years." While this state of affairs has recently been somewhat changed through compulsory education laws and officers, yet it is still true that there are thousands of city boys, of school age, who are out of school. In 1906, Mr. William M. Salter, in an address delivered in Chicago, said: "Chicago has 40,000 children under fourteen years of age not in school at all; it has 15,000 under sixteen years of age who are wage-earners." For this class, the state has provided other means. The government says, in effect: The schools are open for you; you must go to them so many days a year. If you will not go to them voluntarily, you will be forced to go to a school of another kind. So, large numbers of street boys are arrested and sent off every year to the reform schools and industrial farms, charged with truancy.

The missions, realizing that the public schools fail to give the boy what he most needs—namely, good moral and religious instruction—open their doors and invite him to come in to them and "learn to be

good." But the child of the street doesn't care to "learn to be good," at least not in that way. What he wants more, and first of all, is be to understood, to be appreciated, to be given a man's chance. He does not want to be dosed with knowledge or with goodness, as with a spoon. He simply wants a chance to do for himself, and a friendly, helpful, guiding, staying hand to put and keep him on the right course.

It can readily be seen that a boy brought up or rather growing up, among the conditions above described is not much to blame if he goes wrong. No, the wonder is to those who know the conditions under which he is held that any one could grow up there to be aught but a criminal and a vagabond. The good there is in these boys, despite their disadvantage, and the bad there is in other boys, despite their good training, is a marvel that has not yet been explained.

The constant assertion of Denver's famous judge, Hon. Ben. B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court, is that there "ain't no really bad kids." Street boys are bad, he says, "because while they have lots of opportunity to do wrong, they have none to do good." To give the newsboy and the street waif this "show to do good" is the duty and opportunity of the hour.

The good "Jedge," as the boys fondly call him, loves to quote the words of Riley :

> "I believe all children's good
> Ef they 're only understood,—
> Even bad ones, 'pears to me,
> 'S jes' as good as they kin be."

The Juvenile Court in Chicago, as well as in Denver and every other large city of the continent, is taking hold of these boys, and is trying to deal out to them justice rather than punishment, friendship and help, rather than wrath and hatred; yet, this is after the crime has been committed. "The Juvenile Court," says Chief Probation Officer Thurston, of Chicago, "is attempting to keep the boy out of the penitentiary; but something ought to be done to keep the boy out of the Juvenile Court."

This task the Chicago Boys' Club is undertaking to do, and in many cases is doing.

A subsequent chapter (Chapter X) of this book will describe in detail the method and the result of its accomplishment.

"We try to suppress vices when we should release virtues."—*Prof. Simon N. Patten, University of Pennsylvania.*

VII

BIDDING FOR THE BOY

It has been estimated by a committee recently appointed to investigate the matter, that an aggregate of 365,000,000 people per year, or 100,000 people per day, patronize the penny arcades and cheap theatres of Chicago. These places, open as they are seven days in the week, accommodate more people than do all the churches and Sabbath-schools of the city.

This being true, it surely behooves us to question what is the influence of these places upon those who enter them. The licensed amusement places in Chicago are of fifteen different classes. Among these are the ordinary theatres, dance halls, amusement parks, baseball parks, merry-go-rounds, shows, skating rinks, etc.

Penny arcades and five-cent theatres belong to the fifteenth class. These are probably the most dangerous in their influence upon the youth of the streets. There are in Chicago somewhat more than one hundred places of this class and they are increasing rapidly. Most of these places are especially arranged to attract the children, and of the throngs who enter them, a large percentage of boys and girls are always conspicuous. The district where the most numerous

and the most debasing of these arcades and theatres exist is that which closely surrounds the Chicago Boys' Club.

In the five blocks of State Street between Polk and Monroe Streets there are six penny arcades, seven five-cent theatres, one ten-cent theatre and two higher priced vaudeville theatres. In all of these, even in the middle of the day and during school hours, young children are present in large numbers. They stand at the entrances to the theatres with wide-open, wondering eyes, looking at the lewd pictures and the flashy advertisements on display, and they enter the penny arcades in groups and there spend their pennies for a peep at disgracefully immoral or criminal scenes through a penny-in-a-slot observation machine, for chance throws with wooden rings in a knife game or for the hearing of a "popular" song in a phonograph machine. Everything here is made to pander to the sensuous, the immoral, the fleshly part of human nature. It is stated that one of these five-cent theatres on State Street nets $3,000 per month in profits to its owner, and these $3,000 per month are obtained in amounts of five cents at a time from the children and grown people who thoughtlessly throng into its entrance. The men who are in this business are in it for the money they can get out of it, and they care little or nothing for the immortal souls which they destroy in the process.

During an investigation recently made under the auspices of the City Club of Chicago, one of the

visitors of the committee stood in a penny arcade watching the knife game then in process. A crowd of boys stood about a counter flinging rings at a row of knives in the background. In the words of the report of this committee: "Three rings were given for a nickel, seven for a dime. From half a dozen hands flew the rings. Very rarely a ring dropped over a knife. When it did the attendant shoved out its value in rings. Now and then a knife that was won was taken, but not often. One lad, whom fortune favoured, captured six knives, but he took them all in new chances. As the visitor stepped up, a dirty hand belonging to a boy who could not have reached sixteen years of age, brought up a five dollar bill and shoved it across to the attendant. From his change he again and again feverishly replenished his pile, only to see it rattle out of sight behind the knives. 'Are you in this?' the visitor said to a little fellow perhaps twelve years old. 'Oh, it's easy, mister. See the knife that I've got this morning, and one fellow got a watch, too, worth $2.50. Sure I'm in it.' Turning to the manager, the visitor said: 'Just see those boys learning to gamble. Look at their money fly!' 'You're right,' he said, 'but where did those children come from?' 'The streets.' 'Who lets them run there?' 'Their parents.' 'If the parents of Chicago care no more for their children than that, why should we? Shall we be more interested in them than their parents? We do not put a shotgun to their heads. They come in here and give us their money.'"

The above is from the view-point of the pagan proprietor of the penny arcade, but as patriots and Christians, we must take a different stand. Here these children are, by the thousands, roaming the streets. Parents or no parents, they crowd into these dangerous places of amusement,—in many cases, they go with their parents. Yes, we must be more interested in them than their parents. In order to save these children and keep them out of these places of danger, we must be to them all that their parents ought to be and are not. We must take the place of parent to them. Some say that in order to keep the children out of these places of evil, it is necessary to organize places of amusement like these and see to it that they are run under good auspices. So reformers have arisen and tried to keep people out of the saloon by opening temperance saloons; others have tried to keep people out of the low theatres by maintaining "decent" theatres; others attempt to reform the evils of the dance halls by conducting dances under good auspices; and the experiment has recently been made to cure the vulgar amusement evil by opening a five-cent theatre for educative purposes. These sporadic efforts, one after another, have failed of their purpose.

What is needed is not a substitute for the saloon, the dance hall, and the theatre; but a substitute for the home. Not a moralized saloon, a purified dance hall, and a civilized theatre; these will not save the coming generations from ruin, but a friend for every friendless one, a mother for every motherless one, and

a home for every homeless one will save them and only this will.

It must be remembered that there are thousands in all our great cities who have houses in which to dwell who still are practically homeless, who have mothers that bore them who still are worse than motherless. There are tens of thousands that nominally have both homes and parents to whom the word "home," as we understand it, and the word "mother," as we revere it, are things unknown.

The penny arcades, the cheap theatres, the various forms of public amusement, flourish and prosper because they are meeting a real need; they are supplying what every childish heart craves, viz., joy and happiness—and if these are not given to them in a natural way, they will seek them in an unnatural and harmful way.

Those who have homes which they love and whose comforts they enjoy, very seldom frequent these places. People go to harmful places of amusement largely because they have no other place to go and no other means of finding pleasure. So, evidently the necessary thing to do, is to provide places where these "homeless," wandering children can go and enjoy themselves; where some one is present to love them, to befriend them and to develop in them the good which lies dormant in every one. The saloon problem is not to be solved by selling "temperance drinks," nor the dance hall problem by substituting "decent" dances, nor the theatre problem by insti-

tuting "morality plays." All of these things are artificial and hence ineffectual.

The only thing to do is to study the nature of those who frequent these places of amusement, to find out why they go there, what principle it is that draws them thither, what lack in their lives it is that these things supply, and then not to weakly and timidly imitate these evil things but rather to supply the thing needed in a more genuine and a more natural way.

Jacob Riis tells us that if you give a boy hard, organized play, he will abandon burglary as an inferior kind of sport. It is equally true, and has been proven true, that if a boy of the street be given his amusements and means for the occupation of his energies in a Christian atmosphere and under friendly, loving, helpful influences, he will soon come to abandon the theatre and the penny arcade as an inferior and unsatisfactory kind of amusement.

Dr. Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, tells us that the great need of the hour is not so much for the suppression of vice as for the releasing of virtue. The best way to get people to stop going to the theatre and the penny arcade is to supply them with something that they like better. People will go, and you cannot keep them from going to the place where there is "something doing." The theatre manager succeeds in capturing the boy of the street because he makes a stronger bid for him than any one else is making. He puts his sign in a prominent place: "Special Attractions for Women

and Children." He gives away free tickets, he advertises coupon contests, he gets a child of the street to sing or to dance in his performance and thus attracts other children, but, most of all, he studies their tastes and provides them with the things which they like.

The theatre manager, the saloon-keeper, the dive owner, all pose as the special friends of the boy. The theatre manager takes an interest in the boy in order to get him to attend his performance and thus to get his pennies into his own pockets; the saloon-keeper interests himself in the boy in order to cultivate in him a taste for his poisonous wares; the dive owner makes himself a friend of the boy in order to ensnare him in the meshes of his web of vice. If the Christian worker is to win the boy of the street, he too, must put in his bid for him. He too, must study the boy's nature, and he must make a stronger appeal to him than any one else is making or can make.

A Boys' Club can make a stronger appeal and gain a stronger hold upon the young boy than can any of the glaring amusements of the street because the Boys' Club can meet more of his needs and satisfy more of his yearnings than any of these things can. The boy yearns for pleasure. Here he can have it in the most satisfying sense. He longs for excitement. Here he can find it, not of the artificial, tawdry, vitiating kind which the theatre provides, but of the manly, wholesome, invigourating kind which a gymnasium or a baseball game provides.

Street Waifs Gathered in a Gospel Meeting

One of a Legion of 5-Cent Theatres

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He likes to make things. Here he can learn to make almost anything he desires and after it is done, he can really have what he has made. But last and most important of all, the boy of the streets yearns for somebody to love him. His little heart is hungry for motherly love and fatherly friendship. As was said in another chapter, a Boys' Club provides that thing which a boy needs most,—a friend. Every one of the teachers at the Boys' Club becomes the personal friend of those boys under his charge. A Boys' Club should be a place where the boy feels perfectly at home. The Chicago Boys' Club, at least, is patterned entirely on the plan of the home. All of its workers are Christian men and women whose pure and true characters are the result of their being brought up amid the culture, the refinement and the inspiring atmosphere of Christian homes. These Christian men and women feel it to be their duty and their privilege to pass on to others who have not had their advantages, the uplifting influences which they have obtained from their Christian homes.

Although the Chicago Boys' Club does not keep its members over night, or regularly feed and clothe them, yet it is essentially a home and practically the only home which is available for the thousands of boys who yearly enter its doors. The members of this Club are subject to the uplifting influence of its teachers for as much of each day as the average child of school age who has a good home is subject to its influence. Over all of those who are its regular members, the Boys' Club has a stronger influence for good

than do either their homes or their street surroundings for evil, for it occupies more of their time and engages more of their interests. While in their homes, the boys of the slums come in contact with profanity, drunkenness, immorality and everything that is low and debasing; on the street they are met and enticed by everything that is flashy, sensational and tending to crime. The Boys' Club not only keeps these boys away from the debasing influence of their homes and the demoralizing influence of the street; but it provides for them a Christian atmosphere, an inspiring helpfulness—in short, a Christian home; and that, when universally applied, is without doubt, the only hope for the future of our nation.

Mr. Robert E. Speer has said: "There are 15,000-000 boys marching on to manhood in the United States. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they go, while whole divisions of the church sleep or feast in camp. Soon they will be fortified with cares and unbelief, and then we shall storm their stronghold with much ado and small results. The tares will not wait nor evil cease to work, and steadily destiny is being made.

> 'No change in childhood's early day,
> No storms that raged, no thoughts that ran,
> But leaves a track upon the clay
> That slowly hardens into man.'"

The minds and hearts of a large proportion of these 15,000,000 boys of our country are being tainted with evil through contact with their corrupt homes and their evil surroundings, and these corrupting influences "leave a track upon the clay that slowly

hardens into man." If this fact is not comprehended, consider carefully the following figures. Mr. Jacob A. Riis once investigated the cases of seventy-eight persons who had been arrested in New York for crime. Among these seventy-eight, fifty were boys under fifteen, guilty of all kinds of crime. "In 1890 there were, in the Federal prisons of this country, seven hundred and eleven boys under fourteen, and eight thousand, nine hundred and eighty-four boys between fourteen and nineteen. In Texas in 1902, of over four thousand prisoners, one-half were under twenty-five years of age. There were as many prisoners between fourteen and twenty-five as there were between twenty-five and fifty. In Georgia in 1902, fourteen hundred out of twenty-three hundred prisoners were under twenty-four. It was estimated that seven-eighths of the prison population of Georgia began a criminal career before they were twenty-three." Then consider the statement recently made by State's Attorney, John J. Healy of Illinois. In a letter to the superintendent of the Chicago Boys' Club, he wrote: "At least sixty per cent. of the boys and men with whom the Criminal Courts of the county (Cook County, which includes Chicago) deal, come from localities similar to those in which your Club is now working."

One great reason why so large a percentage of the criminals come from localities similar to those in which this institution is working, is that the cheap theatres, the dime museums, the gambling dens and the penny arcades which here abound on every

hand, are leading the children of the streets and the waifs of the slums into lives of crime by means of the vulgar pictures, the criminal scenes, and the exciting exposures which are there depicted before them. So, in every community where these things abound, and where the conditions which call them forth, exist, there ought to be at least one Boys' Club to extend an inviting, interesting, satisfying welcome to all who need its help. The penny arcades and cheap theatres of every city are mostly located along the chief thoroughfares. They are, of course, the most numerous in Chicago in the downtown district and on its main thoroughfare, State Street. Elsewhere in the city, they are mostly located along Halsted Street, Milwaukee Avenue, North Clark Street and West Madison Street, and wherever they are located in abundance, there you will find slum conditions and there the youth of the neighbourhood will be found growing up into habits of crime and wrong-doing.

A Boys' Club which furnishes wholesome amusement, active industry, and a homelike Christian atmosphere, is, we repeat, the most practical and the most potent means by which the evil influence of cheap theatres and penny arcades can be overcome. We must "overcome evil with good." If we are to save the wandering ones of the world, we must "release virtues" as well as "suppress vices" and for the releasing of the virtues which lie dormant in all the children of the slums, a Boys' Club is the best means ever yet devised.

"Give me the mothers of the country to educate and you may do what you please with the boys."—*Garibaldi.*

VIII

THE GIRLS AND THEIR NEEDS

HITHERTO in these pages, our thoughts have been centred upon the problem of the boy of the street and the slums.

The boys, truly, are most in evidence, and their needs seem to be the most urgent; but few stop to think that these boys have, or once had, mothers, and that these mothers did not all bear only male children. No, these boys of the street have sisters, and these sisters are growing up as well as the boys. There is a girl problem in our cities as well as a boy problem, and neither of them has as yet been solved.

As was shown in the preceding chapter, the influence of the homes from which street children come is but little, if any, better for them than the influence of the street. The girls are not found as much (although far too much) upon the street as are the boys; but they, even more than the boys, are subject to the corrupting influence of the home and its surroundings.

Some time ago a little girl, one of the members of the Girls' Department, died. The Friendly Visitors were called upon to help with the funeral. The girl's home was in a large slum tenement on South State Street; a tenement where negro, Jew, Italian

and half-breed are all crowded together, more in dens and stys than in homes. Here neighbours are not those who live across the street or in the next door yard, but across the hall or in the next room. The neighbours it was, and not the parents, who called for aid. The Friendly Visitors of the Club, upon arriving at the "home" in response to the call, found the father and mother of the dead child both lying in senseless heaps upon the floor, "dead drunk." The older brother, upon hearing of his sister's death, made his escape. No member of the family was in a condition to know whether the girl were living or dead. Far better to be dead, or to be an orphan and an outcast than to live in such a home, we all say.

Miss Horton, in her book, "The Burden of the City," after speaking of the low dive, the gambling den, the saloon, the cheap theatre and the dime museum, all of which are making their bid for the present and the future of the boy, says: "Meantime, what of the girl? She has her own besetments, but they centre more about the home. She may be locked either in or out when the mother goes to her work, but if out she will not wander so free and far as her brother. But the home itself is a source of danger."

The tenements where the "other half" live, says Jacob Riis, "touch family life with a deadly moral contagion."

The girls in the homes, like the boys on the street, are forced to bear the brunt of life before their strength is at all able to bear it. There are young

"child mothers" in the slums, taking care of baby brother or sister before they are themselves much more than babies: "The last baby is left to the care of the other babies."

Go with the Friendly Visitors of the Club on their rounds in and out of the homes and hovels of the poor, see the conditions that exist there, and tell us if the girls are safe where they are. Go, for example, into the building on La Salle Street known as "The Barracks." This is a building divided into twenty-two flats, each flat meant to contain a family, each family meant to occupy three rooms. Yet here there are living, the year round, from forty to fifty families. The building is a little town in itself. Its average population is 150, of whom one-half or one-third are children under twelve years of age. In the basement is a saloon and grocery, patronized solely, or almost so, by the inhabitants of this one building. This saloon and this store, however, are not two establishments, but one and the same, for beer in these parts is a staple article. In no one of these families is there less than two, and in several of them, as many as eight persons, occupying one, or at the best, two rooms, lodgers included. Here, father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, uncle or aunt, lodgers, visitors, children and all, sleep, eat, live, multiply and breed crime together.

Where, you ask, do the children play? Their playground is on the street and in the alley. There is no room for them in the home.

On wash day,—and with many of them every day

is wash day or ironing day,—every inch of space in the room is occupied with clothes hung up, on interlacing lines, to dry.

In such a home, a child, unless he can help with the work, is a nuisance. The boys find their way to the street, the docks and the news alley; but the girls, what of them? They also have their "school of crime," and in the courts of the city every day graduates of this school are having their commencements, and young learners in this school are receiving their grades.

Many of the warmest supporters of the Chicago Boys' Club and of its new branch, the Girls' Club, are men who have sat upon the grand juries, and women who are familiar with the records of the Juvenile Court. Those who have seen the results of the awful conditions above described, and have heard the sad tales told in the courts every day, of sin, of shame and of moral depravity, which no tongue dare repeat and to which no unstained ear dares to listen, are alive with interest towards any agency which promises to improve these conditions or to prevent these results.

From the first, the managers of the Chicago Boys' Club have realized the needs of these girls and have known something of the grave dangers which confront them. In the early days of the work, the experiment was made of opening the rooms of the Boys' Club at certain restricted hours for the girls. This, however, was soon found to be impracticable. After this practice was discontinued, for some time

the sisters of the Jimmies, the Tonies and the Sollies of the Boys' Club were admitted to the entertainments and religious meetings of the club, along with their brothers; but this also was soon found to have its evil effects.

Each of these experiments, however, brought the workers into closer touch with the girl problem, and showed clearly that something must eventually be done to save them. Yet how to go about it and how to provide the means and the helpers to carry on the work was the question. The clamour of the girls for a place and their eagerness for attention was all the time increasing, and all the time the needs in the lives of the girls themselves becoming more apparent.

So one day in 1905, a meeting of the workers was called to discuss the question of the girls and their needs.

Without going into the details of the meeting, suffice it here to say that, as an outcome of this conference, rooms were soon procured and a place was opened for the girls.

This began, as did the Boys' Club, in a small way. At first, a ten-room flat was rented on State Street and sewing classes were inaugurated as a "point of contact" into the lives and hearts of the girls.

This work has grown until now classes are provided in sewing, cutting, darning and mending, in cooking, basket-weaving, bookbinding and physical culture, besides an every-day kindergarten, a Sabbath-school, and mother's meetings.

The daily class in cooking, besides its value as a "point of contact," is in itself a thing of immense value and promise.

All social workers and writers agree that the primary source of all good and evil and the key to all reform lies in the home.

Reformers have arisen, trying to change the homes outwardly, to produce better housing, better sanitation, better environment; and some of them doubtless, as in the case of Jacob Riis in New York, have done a great and lasting work; but even beyond this, there is the necessity of changing the character and the ideals of the people themselves.

People, as a rule, do not dwell in filthy, crowded slums because they are too poor to afford better accommodations; but largely because they are too ignorant and too incompetent to rightly use what they have. As a writer has said: "No one lives more lavishly and knows less how to save than the poor. Their expense account is not based on a sanitary or monetary basis, but shapes itself according to temporary income. 'Plenty of money in the house' and rent day far in the distance, and many families will absolutely gorge themselves at table with food and drink, only to return on perhaps the very next day to tea and dry bread. For this reason," he continues, "no social movements are worthier of hearty support than those carried on to teach children, and especially girls, 'How to keep house.' Teach them 'how to keep house' and they will make homes." Yes, if they know how, they

will make homes, neat, cheery and attractive, out of what are now the most ill-kept homes and the most repulsive hovels. The trouble in the slums lies in ignorance and lack of character, fully as much as in unavoidable poverty and surrounding adverse conditions. In most instances, the homes are squalid because the mothers there are shiftless and ignorant and incapable.

In proof of this responsibility of the mothers, may be cited the case of a home on Sherman Street in Chicago. In the midst of dirt and neglect in the "homes" all about her, here is a beautiful, hardworking Italian woman who supports three children and a drunken husband. Her one room, in size only ten by twelve feet, is always kept in a condition of perfect neatness. Her children are always clean and tidy. A smile of contentment rests upon her face and the radiance which betokens efficiency is over all that she handles in the house. Instead of the sullen look and the squalid surroundings which accompany the ordinary woman of the slums, here are decency and thrift, and those under the most adverse circumstances.

Surely when society comes to recognize that the conditions as they exist in the slums are due largely to the individual characters who occupy the slums, an attempt will be made to make better women to manage the homes as well as to make better homes to shelter the women.

In more instances than one, the Friendly Visitors sent out by the Boys' Club have carried the gospel

of a new life to these mothers in the slums; they have accepted the message, gotten themselves cleaned up on the inside, and then, like a miracle, the dirty, trash-strewn homes and the seemingly hopeless surroundings have been changed.

Truly the desert can be made to "blossom as the rose," and wherever the women themselves have been changed these "oases" are to be found. Yet, sad though the fact be, to transform the women, and through them their surroundings, is in most cases, a hopeless task. The only sure hope, in which there is certainty of returns, lies in the mothers-to-be.

To take hold of them and train them to be the home-makers of the future, that is the task that needs to be done. Who can estimate the value of training up a girl, brought up in a slum home, so that she can, at little expense, set an attractive table, prepare wholesome and appetizing dishes, keep a neat and homelike home, and thus invent a satisfactory substitute for the beer, the brutality and the unhomelikeness of the ordinary tenement abode?

Jacob Riis, that ever-applicable writer on subjects such as these, has said: "Cooking is the only kind of temperance preaching that counts for anything in a school course.—A not inconsiderable amount of the prevalent intemperance can be traced to poor food and unattractive home tables. The toasting fork in Jacob's sister's hand beats preaching in the campaign against the saloon just as the Boys' Club beats the policeman's club in fighting the gang."

The saloon in the slums makes an almost irresisti-

ble call to the man of the tenements through the sociability, the warmth, the room and the welcome which it offers him; while the home with its repulsiveness, its squalor, its crowded condition, and the insufficiency and unwholesomeness of the food which it offers is a place to be avoided. These things being as they are, who can blame the man of the slums for frequenting the saloon more than he does his own place of abode?

Not a third of the families of the slums, as the Friendly Visitors of the Club see them in the Levee district of Chicago, and in "Little Hell" and "Smoky Hollow," ever sit down together to a family meal. The following as viewed by the writer is not an extreme or an uncommon case. It is the picture of an Italian home. It was meal time; yet there was no table set, no family gathering around a convivial board, no signs of family life and love such as those with which we of more favourable circumstances are familiar. The one room served as kitchen, dining room, sitting room, parlour, bedroom and laundry. One man, the head of the household, sat at the table; the wife stood over the stove cooking an unsavory dish of sausage; the children, five in number, hung about the mother as she worked. The meal consisted of a large pitcher of cheap beer, a basket of dry bread crusts,—the leavings from some store or restaurant,—and the sausage before named. There were no butter, no tempting dishes on the table, and but one knife and a plate from which the whole family was fed.

As the man gorged down the unwholesome viands for himself, he handed out a greasy sausage and a crust of bread to each of the five children, and poured out glass after glass of the beer even to the smallest, a deformed little chap less than two years of age.

The children all took the food in their unwashed fingers and ran out and ate it on the street. There are other "homes" where even the table is missing, and families have been seen to eat their potatoes and their bread directly from the floor. What wonder that such a "meal" leaves the children as well as the man with an "intense gnawing at the stomach which only beer can satisfy."

These conditions may be outwardly changed by building model tenement houses and enforcing building laws; and yet the inmates of these improved houses will know no better how to live than before, and "The hog that was washed will return to his wallowing in the mire." It is clear that it remains in a large degree with the mothers,—if not of this generation of the next,—to alter these conditions.

By training slum girls to cook and in preparing them for the responsibilities of motherhood, as is being done at the Girls' Department of this Boys' Club, not only is there an inestimable amount of sin and crime prevented in the lives of those who are to be dependent upon them, but also they themselves are prevented from going into lives of shame.

The fact is, as evidenced by many authorities, that a large proportion of the girls, who go down in the

battle of life, do so largely because they have no other means of livelihood.

A thing that is greatly needed in Chicago is a school where girls from the poorest homes may be given, free of charge, training in cooking, sewing, laundry-work, dressmaking, millinery, and other trades as their needs may require.

This should not be merely an industrial school, where work is done for work's sake, but a Trade School, where poor girls are actually fitted for the battle of life and the struggle against poverty.[1]

Such a school has been founded in New York City, and in the four years of its existence, it has abundantly proven its value, by a most wonderful growth and success.

It is necessary to open homes of refuge and asylums for fallen women; but it is far better and much more important to relieve the conditions which cause these women to fall. A girl who has every tendency and influence to go wrong, but has been prevented from doing so, has ten chances to one in her favour over the one who has fallen and has been "reformed."

It is the stigma of the reform-school, the mark of the culprit, that must be removed, and this is to be accomplished by prevention rather than by cure.

Although the Chicago Girls' Club has thus far made but a small beginning on this mighty work, yet it has made a beginning from which great things are expected to grow.

If it is true that "coming events cast their shadows

[1] See footnote on page 58.

before," and if the progress of the work thus far made among the boys is a portent of what the future of this girl's work shall be, we may well hope that in a few years these features of the work, so much needed, will be a living fact.

"The success of the Boys' Club work will depend largely upon the efficiency of these Friendly Visitors."—*Willis W. Cooper.*

IX

WOMEN VISITORS IN THE HOMES

THE women visitors employed by this institution are classed as Friendly Visitors and Visiting Nurses. A "Friendly Visitor" is a person who has been brought up in a cultured home, who loves order, cleanliness, honesty and decency; but who is willing to give up her comfortable home and her æsthetic tastes to go down among the corruption and the filth, the squalor and the vice of a city's slums and carry into the midst of these "homes" the sweetness of her Christian life and the transforming influence of her busy, helpful hands.

A "Visiting Nurse" is a person who has been trained in mind and hand and heart to relieve the sufferings of the sick and to nurse the dying back to health. She is one who is willing to go with her helping hand and her loving heart wherever there is a suffering one and to those who need her most, irrespective of their creed or colour, age or beauty, poverty or health, sin or sainthood, worthiness or ingratitude.

The work of Friendly Visitation in connection with this institution was begun in this way: in the early part of the Club's existence a little boy, a typical specimen of the streets, came into the Club rooms

with the shuffling, indifferent gait which is characteristic of street waifs, and proceeded to make himself at home. It was in those days, and is still, the customary thing to tabulate each newcomer by taking a record of his name and address, his age, nationality and various other details. This was done in the case of this boy upon his first entering the rooms. As the new boy mingled with the others, his peculiarly ragged attire, his unkempt, neglected appearance and his attitude of bravado and recklessness distinguished him somewhat from the others. The manager of the Club became so much interested while watching the boy's appearance and actions that he decided to look into the case, to find out the nature of his home surroundings, his occupation and his life history. So the next morning he called one of his helpers, gave her the boy's name and address, as it had been represented the evening before, and asked her to "look him up."

Upon arriving at the place indicated, the worker found that the boy's home was nothing but the top part of an old covered delivery wagon which had been removed from its wheels and placed in the alley. The fact was revealed that during the daytime he earned his scanty living by blacking boots and doing odd jobs.

A few days after the boy's first appearance at the Club and after the inspection of his "home" by the visitor, the Superintendent found him on the street just outside the Club building. Desiring to become better acquainted with the boy, he reached forward his

foot and said, "Give me a shine." In an instant the clumsy bootblacking outfit was down from his shoulder and he was at his task with a will. As the boy worked he was asked, "Where do you live?" "Don't live nowhere," was the response. When asked, "How do you make your living?" he answered laconically, "Shinin'." Knowing already from the description of the visitor about the boy's dwelling place, the Superintendent asked, "What will you do when it gets cold? You can't live in that wagon all winter, can you?" The answer came, apparently without a thought that there was any other way to live, "Sure I kin!"

This incident and others like it which occurred at about the same time, revealed the need of having some one definitely employed to follow up these cases, to study the conditions and the needs of the boys in their homes—if they had any—and thus the more successfully to help them out of their difficulties. Thus developed a department of the work which has become one of the most important and successful factors in finding a Way Out for the Waifs of the Slums. There are many cases of children who have run away or been driven away from home. They drift into the Club rooms, and the Friendly Visitors are used to trace up their parents and restore them to their homes.

One morning a policeman brought in two little boys whom he had found on a cold winter day, huddling together for warmth in the doorway of a building on State Street. The two boys looked to be

about seven and nine years of age. Both were as dirty as the ground itself. After tracing up their parents, it was found that the morning before, they had been driven from their home by a brutal, drunken mother and had spent the day wandering aimlessly in the streets. By nightfall they had found their way into the furnace room of a large building where they were allowed to spend the night sleeping beside the boilers. The next morning, being dismissed from there, they wandered across the city to State Street and crept into the sheltering doorway where they were soon found by the policeman. Before sending the boys home, they were both given a warm bath and a good rubbing, they were fitted out with new and warm clothing, and fed the only meal they had eaten for twenty-four hours.

To try to save a child without a knowledge of his home conditions, is little more than useless. Friendly Visitation provides the connecting link between the Club and the home. A boy that is unruly, or sulky in the Club rooms cannot be rightly understood and wisely dealt with until his home has been visited. There usually, and only there, can the cause of his moods be ascertained. For instance, an Italian boy who was the most incorrigible and fiery-tempered, and for a long time had been almost uncontrollable at the Club, was followed to his home. He lived in a large, crowded tenement house on Custom House Place. As the visitors entered the room of his abode, they found this boy and his older brother both tied up with small ropes bound tightly around their naked

arms and lower limbs. They had been left this way without food for an entire day. When they were released, both of them had great welts and deep sores in their flesh where the sharp-cutting ropes had mangled them as they wildly struggled for escape. This and subsequent like treatment which the boy was found to receive in his "home" soon convinced the workers that he was not much to blame for his temper, and that kind and sympathetic treatment would do him more good than force and compulsion. As was stated in another chapter, to understand the boy's case, to find the causes for his actions and his temperament, is the first requirement for really helping him, and this can be done, usually, only by becoming familiar with his home life.

Another case to the point is that of little Sollie, a Jewish boy. An inexperienced teacher of one of the Club's evening classes had visited Sollie's home and unwisely told his parents that the effort of the Club was to change their boy into a Christian. At this announcement, the astonished parent raised both hands in horror and exclaimed: "Ach! Pefore I let my poy pe a Ghristian, I tie a rock round his neck and drown him in de river!" Immediately after this visit, it became noticeable that Sollie, who had before been a most regular and enthusiastic attendant at the Club, came but seldom and when he did come, his manner and his behaviour were entirely changed. He became furtive and shy and rebellious. This change in the boy was evidently due to the fact that his Hebrew father had strenuously forbidden him to

go again to the Club. In this one case, the boy was soon lost to the influence of the Club through the blunder of its untactful worker; but in many other cases, the Jewish parents have been brought into coöperation with the Club through the agency of the Friendly Visitors who make themselves the friends of the parents and their helpers and counsellors in time of need. These Friendly Visitors, also, after they have become acquainted and won their way into the hearts and confidence of the grown people, tell them, as well as their children, about the Saviour and pray with them in their homes.

Now, in many instances, these very Jewish women send for the Visitors to come and pray for them and their friends in time of death or in other distresses.

In order to help the child, some interest must certainly be taken in the parent; indeed, one worker, who has given much time to Friendly Visitation in another city, has said: "When I see a needy child, I no longer say, I will help that child, but I will make that child's mother my friend until she, herself, can and will and does help the child." Although it is a hopeless task to transform the average woman of the slums into a capable, efficient mother, there are a few instances in which it has been done. At one time, a poor woman was found dwelling in a reeking den of vice. Although she was married, her husband was living and her children were about her, still she was an inmate of a house of prostitution. The Friendly Visitors rescued her from this horrible life,

restored her to her home and her children, showed her the way into a life of purity and faith, and found her employment so that she herself could and would and did provide for her own children, and her faithful motherly influence is now shielding them from all danger. A few such samples as this are available to show that the mothers can, in certain instances, be reached and prepared to care for their children as no one else can; but it is just as often true that only by helping the children, can the parents be reached.

For instance, there was a Jewish woman who owned and personally tended a saloon among the many "low joints" on South State Street. Her five boys, ranging in ages from four to fourteen years, were early members of the Boys' Club. Many times this Hebrew mother was visited in her home near the saloon, but seemingly, no impression for good could be made upon her. In the meantime, her children were being loved and trained and taught a higher standard of life by the teachers at the Club. These children carried home with them the influence of these teachings and gradually revealed to the mother, in their simple language, the evils of the business in which she was engaged. Finally when real good was accomplished, it was not brought about by the direct influence of the visitors in the home, but through the influence of a child, the smallest of the five. It was in this way. After the club had closed one evening, the five boys went back to their home. Their home, however, did not contain a cozy sitting-room and extend a warm welcome to those who entered; it was,

instead, the open door of a saloon and their welcome consisted of the ribald songs of drunkenness. Back of the bar of this saloon stood their mother. She was, at the time, engaged in a drinking bout with a number of rough men who made this place their "hang-out." As the boys entered, little J——, the five year old, a chap so small that he could not reach to the top of the bar, clambered on to a stool, and reaching out his little hand, seized the glass of foaming beer his mother was about to drink. With the calmness and courage of one who knows he is right, he raised the brimming glass and hurled it to the floor. As the wrathful mother looked up at him in surprise he looked her straight in the eyes and exclaimed: "Dey say at de Boys' Club, everybody what drinks whiskey is bums. My mamma ain't no bum." This word pierced his mother's heart. The very next morning she called one of the workers of the Club to her home, and, after telling him the incident, said to him: "If that is the way my children feel about my business, it's time I was getting out of it." So with the help of the worker, the saloon was closed and now the two older boys of the family are working heroically and saving diligently to keep the wolf from the door, but it is no longer the door of a saloon.

This incident and the one before stated, show the inter-relation of the work done at the Club itself with that done by the Friendly Visitors in the homes. The Club teaching helps the children and through them, benefits the parents, while the visitation work

helps the parents and through them, benefits the children.

There are many indirect ways of helping a child. Probably the most potent factor in determining the child's life is the home and the nature of its influence over him. So, any agency that is brought to bear to elevate the tone and purify the atmosphere of the home, will indirectly, but effectively, help the child to a better life. To meet this need, a Visiting Nurse is a necessary appendage to any effectual effort to find a Way Out for the Waifs of the Slums. The work of the Visiting Nurse is not only to relieve physical suffering and minister in cases of disease, but equally much to prevent suffering, to remove the causes of disease, and to make the home cheerful, and cleanly, and habitable. To accomplish this in the midst of slum conditions is no easy task. A glimpse at the conditions as they exist in some of the "homes" has been presented in the previous chapter. To better these conditions, or to help their occupants to better them, requires almost infinite tact and patience and sympathy.

Any one who goes among these humble people in an "I-am-holier-than-thou," "let-me-teach-you" spirit, will be unsuccessful, her entrance will be resented; but a real friend and helper, one who really sympathizes with their lives and their needs, will receive a continual welcome.

The work of a Visiting Nurse is multifarious. Besides her nursing of the sick, she must be an authority on questions of sanitation, of diet, and of good house-

keeping; she must, at times, take hold and scrub and clean and arrange the house with her own hands. She must keep in touch with physicians and hospital boards, she must have tact and know how to enlist others as her helpers; she must often oppose the evil influence of long habit and custom, and she must be the friend of people of all classes and of all stations in life; but especially, of the ignorant, the low and the depraved. Following are a few samples to show the variety of the tasks which a nurse is called upon to perform.

One day, the Visiting Nurse entered a home where a child had consumption. After ministering to the child's comfort and supplying its needs, she looked about the room—in these quarters, one room comprises the home, so a sanitary inspection is short and easy. She found that the room was ill-ventilated, unkempt and foul in the extreme. The carpet upon the floor was damp, greasy and rotting. The nurse looked at the floor and the surroundings, then she looked at the child and from the child to the mother. Then she said to the tired, ignorant Italian mother, as she pointed to the carpet upon the floor, "There is the cause of little Angeline's illness. If you will remove that carpet and scrub the floor and open up the windows, and give your little girl some pure, fresh air, it will do more good than all the doctors can do."

Upon visiting the house afterwards, the nurse was gratified to see the change in things for the better.

Besides consumption, which is a prevalent disease

of the tenements, rickets is a common malady. Once the nurse found a child living in a filthy, crowded, one-room tenement home, suffering with this disease. Owing to a lack of proper nourishment, fresh air and exercise when a baby, the little one's limbs, after beginning to walk, had become so bent and misshapen that he had to wear dresses to cover his deformity. The nurse persuaded the mother to let the child go with her to a hospital for treatment. There the X-Ray was applied and the bones were found to be badly deformed. As the child was left in the physician's care to be placed in a plaster cast, he exclaimed joyfully, "Now I can wear pants, can't I, Miss M——?" After months of patient waiting for the bones to form, he could walk, and he was the proudest and happiest mortal alive when at last he stood forth in all his glory, arrayed in a bran-new pair of "pants." The disease of rickets is brought on because the babies have been raised where there is insufficient food and fresh air with which to develop their bones and their muscles, but there is another disease in the slums which is even harder than this to cure or to prevent. This is a disease peculiar to Italian children. Any one walking down a street in the Italian quarters on a warm summer afternoon will find, among the crowds of children that swarm the streets, a large number who are bow-legged. Little tots three, four and five years old, waddle along like ducks with their little limbs bent almost in a semicircle. Seeking the cause of this strange condition, look into the arms of the sad-faced

Italian mothers as they sit here and there upon the door-steps. There will be seen, as in the accompanying illustration, little babies with their limbs wrapped round and round with bandages so tightly that they are held perfectly rigid. According to the universal custom of the Italian women, the baby, when first born, is wrapped in these bandages and kept thus until it is eight or ten months of age,—"to make their legs straight," the mothers say. When at last, the bandages are removed and the little cramped limbs are allowed to exercise, there is, of course, no strength in them. As a consequence, when the children begin to walk, their legs bend and bow at once. It is the task of the Visiting Nurse to see that these little limbs are straightened if possible, while still plastic, and to persuade the mothers to give up the practice which causes the trouble.

In one instance, the nurse persuaded the mother of a new-born child to leave off the ordinary custom of binding. As a result, this child grew to be much more healthy and strong than did the other children of the family whose limbs had been bound in infancy.

In most cases, however, this is almost as hard a custom to break as is that of foot-binding among the Chinese.

At one time, the nurse was called to a large slum tenement house, in one room of which a mother had died leaving two little orphan children. After the mother had been buried, the children were placed in the Home for the Friendless.

An Italian Home Showing a Child with Bound Limbs

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While attending to this case, the nurse, and one of the Friendly Visitors who accompanied her, were directed into a room of the same building, where a mother, with a little baby, was sick of milk-fever. In this one room there were living, at the time, no less than three families. This woman was daily visited and cared for and doctored by the nurse for weeks until she was well again.

From the shameful conditions of this room, the nurse followed the dark corridor of the tenement to another room where a woman lay sick. Two fretful children were in bed with her and a third child lay in an old cradle near by. It was found that the woman had been in bed for two days and that during that time, not a soul had entered the room. The mother was too sick to raise her head from the pillow, so there she and her three children had lain entirely alone for two days without a morsel of food or a drop of water. The baby in the cradle was on the verge of starvation, the bedding on both bed and cradle was filthy beyond description, the air in the room was close and damp and cold. The water was leaking from the faucet at the sink in the corner and had frozen in a great heap on the floor. As the nurse and her helper entered this room, the sick woman tried to rise to greet them, but fainted away in the effort. The visitors at once set to work to meet the needs of the situation. A fire was made and some appetizing broth prepared to relieve the hunger of their patients. After being fed, the child was taken from the cradle and washed, reclothed, and made

comfortable. The mother was given a bath, the bedding and her own clothing were changed, the floor was scrubbed, the room put in order and medicines were administered for the woman's recovery. This family lived in a room only ten by twelve feet in dimensions. The husband was a worthless drunkard, who, when he occasionally came home, only stopped to devour the few bits of food that the hard-working wife and mother had provided for herself and her children, and then retired without a word of thanks or of recognition.

Little Jennie, an eleven-year-old member of the Girls' Club, was found to be always tired and drowsy and haggard-looking whenever she came to the rooms. In tracing up the cause of this condition, it was discovered that she was in the practice of going every night to the Folly Theatre where she stayed late into the night, singing and dancing for the amusement of her admiring audience. The Friendly Visitors, upon learning the situation, began to take action against the theatre manager for employing child-labour. The crafty manager simply announced that he was not employing the child; that he simply allowed her to use his stage and he "couldn't help it if the people tossed up the 'mons' to her from the audience." Through the intervention of the visitors, however, the little girl was removed from this place and sent to a reform school.

Such are a few examples among the many that might be cited, showing the varied nature of this work. The women visitors are of assistance also in many

other ways. Often flowers, books, food and clothing are donated to the work by kind-hearted givers. The women, constantly visiting in the homes, as they are, know where to place these good things with those who need them most. Flowers in the summer time are a great boon to the stifled shut-ins of the slums, and bouquets sent by loving hands in the country have brought joy and gladness to many sick and suffering ones as they are delivered by the hands of the Friendly Visitor. Food and clothing cannot be given away promiscuously. The cases of need must be investigated. For this purpose, the work of Friendly Visitation is indispensable.

A writer has said: "The time, the day, the hour is ripe for a Messiah to the slums who will have much piety, more manhood, and, most of all, common sense. Bring less talk and more muscle, less hymns and more work, and there will be an echo to your labour in every lane and alley."

This is what these women visitors are doing. They go into the midst of the grime, the corruption and the sin of the city slums with a practical helpfulness. Along with their deep piety and their occasional hymns, they carry their consecrated common sense and the active labour of their hands to help the poor in the way that they most need, and there is already audible an echo to their labours in every lane and alley where their work has been done.

"The man who can successfully devise means—with his school gardens, play yards, athletics, manual training, and clubs—to interest and rationally develop the 'kid' has forever forbidden that 'kid' from becoming a tramp. The modern spirit demands that in treating tramps, we shall not only consider work tests and municipal lodges, not their obliteration by reformation, but their prevention by grasping time's traditional forelock."—*Outlook.*

X

THE CURE OF THE TRAMP

All of us have come in touch and often unpleasantly—with the tramp problem in its maturity; but few think to question: "Who were these tramps in their childhood, whence did they come, and what were the causes for their beginning the life they lead?"

As a means of throwing light upon this question from an authoritative source, it may be well to quote an exceedingly interesting article by Josiah Flynt, entitled "The Children of the Road." He says: "There are four distinct ways by which boys and girls get upon the road; some are born there, some are driven there, others are enticed there, and still others go there voluntarily."

As the first two classes of children do not so much concern this discussion, we will proceed to the consideration of the third class. "The children of this

third class," says Mr. Flynt, "that one meets oftenest are what the older travellers call 'worshippers of the tough.' They have somehow got the idea into their heads that cowboy swagger and the criminal lingo are the main features of a manly man, and having an abnormal desire to be such an one, as quickly as possible they go forth to acquire them. The hunt soon lures them to the road."

When a boy has acquired this passion to be on the move, this "wanderlust," as it is called, he becomes a difficult problem. He is a tramp in embryo, and a full-fledged tramp he will undoubtedly become unless he is wisely dealt with in his younger days. Surely, if anything can be done for the unfortunate class of society called tramps or "Hoboes," it must be done in their childhood. The source of the stream must be reached and there the course must be turned into safe channels.

In searching for a cause why children start upon the road, another quotation from Josiah Flynt may be used as expressing the truth. "The main reason," he says, "why hungry boys and girls are found upon the road is drunken fathers." It might also be added: unappreciative, unreasonable stepfathers. At any rate, in almost every instance it is because of some trouble, some misunderstanding or some neglect in the home. Added to this, there is usually the influence of some book—some flashy novel—or some evil companion.

Myron Adams states, as his conviction, that vagrancy among newsboys is produced by the condi-

tions of their trade. "'Flipping' the street car," he says, "is but a step to the freight and express trains, easily accessible and going far out into the country and to other cities, and this combined with irregular hours and uncertain income are the chief means of training the boy for vagrancy." Yet, as facts recorded later in this chapter will show, not all boy tramps are produced by the newsboy system. Many of them come from good homes and advantageous circumstances.

The problem of saving either the adult or the boy tramp is one towards whose solution practically no attempt has, as yet, been made. Josiah Flynt, who spent years of his life studying the tramp, acknowledges that he has done, and can do, nothing to solve the problem. He states that his mission stops with the bringing to light of the facts. Yet, he suggests, "Surely there is kindness and ingenuity enough in the world to devise a plan or a system by which they may be snatched from the road and restored to their better selves." However, he cautions, "Reformatories should be stationed not at the end of the road, but at the junction of every by-path that leads into it."

It is, as he says, kindness and ingenuity first, and above all, that is required to do this work, and truly the work must begin "At the junction of every by-path that leads into" the life of the tramp, not at the end of his life.

This the Chicago Boys' Club is, in a small but very promising way, now engaged in doing.

As was shown in chapter two of this book, the

Club is located in a strategic position, at the junction of almost every by-path, where there are meeting continuous streams of waifs and strays from every part of the world. Chicago is the Mecca of waifdom. Here there is an opportunity to get at "The Tramp Problem at its Source," if there is such an opportunity anywhere, and the solution of this problem in its beginning is at this club now every day receiving more and more attention.

How the problem is being "tackled," and in many instances solved, will be the story of the following pages. The Mr. Colby so often mentioned in connection with this work, has found his life-calling in studying, rescuing and starting anew the wayward boys as they come to him more and more as human driftwood from all parts of the world.

At one time, there were six boys on his hands from as many different towns and states. These all came to him within one week. One was from Brooklyn, N. Y.; one from Grand Rapids and one from St. Joseph, Mich.; one from Duluth; one from St. Louis, and one from Cincinnati. Each one was, as they say, "on the bum"; each one was penniless, and each one had his tale to tell. They were all boys caught in the first stages of tramphood. Most of them had come from good homes and were out "to see the world." Then or never was the time to stop them.

These boys were placed temporarily in the Club lodging-house. Meantime, their cases were investigated. Those who were found to have parents and

homes worthy of their presence were sent home, others were located in positions, and watched over and provided for until they could make their own way.

An interesting case is that of Arthur—a boy fifteen years of age. He was found by some of the boys sleeping at "Plymouth Club." This is the name given to a familiar, free-for-all lodging place located underneath the freight platform at the Dearborn Street Railway station. The boys invited him to go with them to the Chicago Boys' Club. There he was found to be an orphan child who had been adopted by a Methodist local-preacher in Indiana. In this home, he had possessed all that heart could wish. He had a splendid horse and buggy for his own use. Some of the colts and calves and pigs on the farm he claimed as his own. Yet with all these good things before him, the boy became dissatisfied, the "moving-about spirit" got hold of him, and away he went. For months he travelled, "bumming his way," visiting different cities all the way from New York to Colorado. While on the road, in order to meet his expenses, he pawned a twenty-dollar gold watch, a good suit of clothes,—in fact, all that he had of any value. When his money was gone, he made his way as best he could, sleeping often under a sidewalk or in a box-car, and only in a bed when he was lucky enough to earn or to beg the dime or the quarter sufficient to pay for the same.

The poor boy, covered with rags and filth as he was, received a welcome at the Club. First he was

given a good bath and put to bed. He was kindly treated and cared for during a few days, until his case could be investigated. Soon his place of escape was located, his foster father was notified and money was sent to the Club sufficient for his transportation home. When the little fellow was comfortably seated on the train, and was assured of his foster-parents' forgiveness, he looked up into the kindly face of the man who had rescued him, and said: "What makes you do all this for me?" Then he was told, in simple words, about the love of Christ which constraineth.

In a few days, a letter was received in which the boy glowingly described his happiness at getting back among his beloved calves and chickens on the farm, and his gratitude for being rescued and restored to his father's love. He had seen enough of the world, but he would doubtless have wandered on-and-on, like a lost prodigal, afraid to return to the kind friends whom he had so ungratefully wronged, had there not been some one "at the junction of the roads" to find him and restore him to his lost home.

Another case of interest is that of ———. One night, while the industrial classes in the Club were in full swing, a strange boy entered. Although dirt and rags and sadness and shyness are well-known traits among all the boys, yet this boy was at once distinguished among the others as an extreme case. He was not only dirty and ragged to the limit of belief, but his whole appearance showed the last degree of hopeless despondency. A strange boy is

always shy and suspicious, but this boy required a special amount of tact to draw out his story. When asked as to his home, he responded, "Don't live nowhere." Gradually it was discovered that his parents had both died when he was quite young, and since that time the boy had wandered from city to city, always kicked about and mistreated, and making his way against obstacles as best he could. It was found that he had come to Chicago from Milwaukee about six months before his appearance at the Club, and while in Chicago, had been sleeping in alleys and doorways, under sidewalks and wharfs, and occasionally, when he could earn or beg a dime, sleeping in some cheap lodging-house. After the boy had been provided with lodging for the night, he promised to appear at the Club the next morning. By eight o'clock he was there, and was soon undergoing what was to him the strange process of a bath.

As the boy removed his clothing, which had not been off his body for weeks, and possibly months, it was found, to the surprise of the man in charge of the bathroom, that the lower part of his body was covered with running sores, caused by a disease little less terrible than leprosy. This disease was contracted, about six months before, from a coloured man, who (as the boy said), broke into his room one night while he was asleep in a West Side lodging-house.

After the unfortunate boy had been cleaned up and reclothed, he was taken to one of the most skilled physicians in the city, who, upon examining the case,

became so interested that he offered to take the boy under his personal charge and treatment for a year, and to give him every possible chance for recovery. From the doctor's office, the boy was taken to the hospital, where for weeks he was patiently tended and visited, and as soon as he was able, light work was found for him and a comfortable home, where he could regain his strength and be happy.

As the boy was brought before the physicians at the hospital, and they learned that he had been found and brought to them by an officer of the Chicago Boys' Club, one of them exclaimed: "I guess they do business at that Club, and if this is the kind of work they do, they surely deserve the help of good people." Another said: "Evidently these people do something more than pray."

Another case was presented to the employment officer at one time, while he was looking up a boy who needed help at the Maxwell Street Police Station. It was the case of a boy seventeen years of age who had wandered to Chicago from Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a thief—not a practiced one, however, but an embryo one. His classification in the army of juvenile trampdom would be with those who are enticed to the road. In fact, when finally analyzed, nearly all of them belong to this class.

It was found that the boy had, at home, been employed by his father at a wage of fifty cents per week besides his board and clothing. The boy, full of life and eager for fun as he was, rebelled at the small wage. He carefully figured out what he

thought to be the minimum of his weekly needs for pleasure and recreation, and frankly submitted the figures to his father. One dollar and a half per week, he calculated, was the smallest amount upon which he could exist and have the pleasures which his social nature demanded. His father refused to comply with the proposition, and the boy, as the street phrase expresses it, "ducked." When he arrived in Chicago, a tailor living on Twelfth Street took compassion upon him and offered to give him a home until he could find work and provide for himself.

The boy failed to find work, his stock of money became exhausted, and his condition began to look desperate. One night, in the crisis of his need, he met a professional thief, who offered to lift him into a window of the very house of the tailor who had befriended him, and to show him how to escape, if he would share the plunder of his theft after the deed was over. The boy and his seducer made the theft and escaped. The goods were sold, and the profits divided. Then the man in the case plundered the boy of his profits, and sent him off to Milwaukee, saying that he would follow him there the next day and repay what he had "borrowed."

Of course, the man never appeared, and the boy was again left friendless and penniless. In a few days, he drifted again to Chicago. There he was detected, charged with the committal of the Twelfth Street robbery, and locked up in the police station. Here it was, soon after his capture, that he was found. He was, at the time, sleeping on a plank floor (a

plank for each person) in a damp, filthy, rat-infested basement. The boy was in a state of total despondency.

Of course, he had done foolishly; of course, he was to blame; but, overlooking that, he was also a human being in great need of kindness, sympathy, and a helping hand. The Boys' Club officer proved to be in this case, as in countless other cases, just the friend that was needed; not to condone his faults, but to help him rise above them. Through his intercession, the boy was taken from the foul police station and placed under Jailer Whitman's kindly care in the Cook County Jail. Meanwhile, communication was held with his father in New York and money was sent for his return home. The boy's release from jail was obtained through Judge Mack of the Juvenile Court, and he returned home, a wiser, and promising to be a better boy. This boy was a thief and undeniably, had he not found a mediator and a friend, would today have been incarcerated in the reformatory at Pontiac, Ill.

This boy, and all the others thus handled, are not only rescued for the time, but are also followed up. The man in charge of the Employment Bureau has a stream of letters coming to him continually from these boys and their parents, scattered as they are all over the country, and many of them—but not all—report that they are keeping their promise.

One of the most perplexing cases that has come before the notice of this department is that of Meyer ———. When first found, he gave his name

as Bennie Frank. He had "beat his way" a few days before from St. Louis; "come to see what 'old Chi' was like," he said.

The following is his own account of the rescue: "I am very glad to say that I was picked off the streets of Chicago by de Boys' Club, and I was all dirty and filthy, and I was all cleaned up, and now I am a gentleman. I was treated so good I ran away from de Club and was a tramp and a bum again, and one day one of my friends said to me, 'Meyer, Mr. Colby wants to see you,' and I was afraid to come here for fear of getting arrested, because I deserved it, and I was brought back to de Club, and I was dressed up again, and now I am going to be a gentleman and want to be a good boy. I was picked out of de News Alley, where I was sleeping, and I used to go to South Water street to eat old bananas and things that come out of the garbage cans, and things like that, and I was very dirty and I am so glad that the Chicago Boys' Club saved me."

To read this letter one would think that this boy is a sample of the Club's most successful work, that he is a trophy of saving grace from the slums, but really, being a typical product of the street, his words are fair and his intentions are good, while within him still lurks the evil spirit of restlessness and deceit. It is as an officer once said to the writer: "You can never believe what these boys say; you have to take their words as they give them and interpret them according to your own consciousness."

This boy, like many others of the street, had lived

Waifs Gathering Food from a Garbage Can

LIBRARY

so long in the atmosphere of the fanciful and the romantic that the truth was literally not in him, and to lie and "act a part," was as natural as breathing.

While lodging at the Club, the boy spent his daytime out of doors. The first day, he reported that he had secured a position as delivery boy for Marshall Field & Company. After work every night, he portrayed vividly to the Club officers his experiences of the day. He told all about the horses he drove, the man with whom he worked, the territory he traversed, the people he met, the parcels he delivered, and every experience of the day, down to the smallest detail. Yet, upon investigation, it was found that he had never been employed at Field's; the thrilling experiences which he related had all taken place only in his own fertile brain, and meanwhile he had spent his time in idleness, and wrong-doing on the street, and had been, as he thought, running the "graft-game" on the Club. But the workers there knew more of his life and character than he supposed, and they treated him kindly, not because of their ignorance of his doings, but because they hoped to make something of him in spite of his doings.

When it became evident that the temptations of the city were too strong for the boy, he was sent, together with a word of warning regarding his deceitfulness, to the lovely Christian home of a lawyer in Wisconsin. From there, he sent back glowing reports of his happiness, his love for his guardians, his gratitude to the Club and his determination to be good.

The boy remained there for several weeks, happy in himself and beloved by his foster parents. He evidently meant all that he said about being good and acting worthily; but even there, temptation overcame him.

After he had been gone for several weeks, word came from Wisconsin to the superintendent, stating that Meyer had run away from his home, and inquiring if he had returned to Chicago. Yes, he had returned. Deeming it useless to send him back to the place from which he had strayed, he was given a position with a baker in Chicago. Here he received every kindness, but too much confidence, with the result that he soon made off with the contents of the cash-drawer. Since this time, he has never been seen.

Thieving and dishonesty was with this boy a disease. He seems to have been born with a double face. The chance to steal and the opportunity to escape revived the old passion in him beyond his control, and he stole in spite of his good resolutions. Even in this instance, however, the boy did not so much need punishment as he needed patience, forbearance and control. For this class of boy, a private home is not adequate. What is needed for such cases is an industrial farm, where they can be carefully guarded, wisely trained, and patiently borne with until their evil tendencies are overcome. Had this boy been given these restraints and advantages at the time, and been retained under their influence long enough, he could doubtless have been won to a useful life.

The instances thus far cited have been those of only a few juvenile tramps, who have come from other cities and states; but, getting nearer to the source of the evil, let us consider a few cases of embryo tramps, who have been reared within Chicago itself.

Not long ago, there appeared at the Boys' Club, two little "hooligans," little more than babies, but thieves and tramps in the making. One of them was only eight years old and the other nine. They had in their possession some toy animals of which they seemed to be very proud. When asked, "Where did you get your 'menagerie'?" they responded, "Ober to dat 'are big store." When asked, "Did you buy them?" they answered, "No, ma'am." Questioned again. "You didn't steal them, did you?" The youngest one replied with a proud, guileless look: "Nope, de guy didn't see us." When it was explained to them that there was some One who did see them and who sees everything that little boys do, a new and strange expression came over their faces. They had never been spoken to in that way before. It was found that their home was in the city, on the West Side; they had run away from home and had been sleeping for a week on the streets. As the officer was starting out with them to find their home, he noticed that their toys were left behind. "Aren't you going to take your menagerie?" he asked. "Nope," they responded, "wes don't want dem t'ings." The little talk had done its work.

Here was a case of thieving and vagrancy in its

infancy, which would doubtless, if unchecked, have led on to a life of wandering and crime.

A similar case is that of Fred ———. One night as the boys were leaving the Club rooms they found a ragged, forlorn, hungry-looking boy standing in front of a low theatre on State Street. They inquired if he had a home or a place to sleep, and finding that he had none, took him to the Club.

There the boy gave as his story that he had run away from home two years before, had been caught and placed in a reform school; from there, had made his escape, and since then had been sleeping in an elevator shaft and earning his scanty meals by selling papers or doing odd jobs.

After the boy had been given a bed and otherwise provided for, investigation was begun concerning his story. As is usual in such cases, Fred's story was entirely fabricated. When one story was proven to be false, another was substituted for it. Yet, in spite of the boy's attempted deceit and his seeming ingratitude, all the time he was being treated kindly by the Club officials. Gradually it dawned upon him that these workers were his friends and not his enemies; that they were not spying him out to deliver him over to the law, but in order to do him good. Finally, he grew confidential and divulged a hint of his identity. After some searching, his history was ascertained. His parents were found, living in a comfortable home on the South Side. His absence from home had covered a space of only two weeks instead of two years, as the boy had said. As is the case

with most runaway boys, he misunderstood his parents; he was afraid of their wrath, should he return, so he shunned all recognition by them. When the boy was brought before his mother, a look of mortal terror came over his face and he actually fought to escape.

It was found that the poor boy was largely justifiable for running away, as his parents were unsympathetic, rigid, and often cruel in their treatment of him.

Such a boy—and there are thousands of them in every city,—needs an intercessor, some one to befriend him and to restore him to the favour of his parents if it is best, or, if not best, to place him where he will be loved and understood. When once a boy has broken away from his home and has learned the ways of the street so that he can shift for himself, he is in a dangerous condition. To find him when he is helpless and discouraged and hungering for a friend is the only sure way and time to save him.

Nobody but the few who come into close and intimate contact with these wayward boys can appreciate their temptation. The call of the road, that restless, roving spirit, comes upon them at times so strongly that they must either move on to new adventures or destroy something where they are. Only those who can "feel another's woe" through sympathy and intimacy can ever really appreciate the battle that these little "hooligans"-in-the-making have to wage against themselves,—their own worst enemy. At an early age, driven from home by an irate,

thoughtless parent, or enticed away through the influence of some evil companion or book; or, as in many, many cases, starting out for a little adventure in the world, meaning no harm, and then led on and on because ashamed or afraid to return, this is the beginning of many a juvenile wanderer's career, and unless he finds a wise friend somewhere before he has wandered too far, his career will end in that of a tramp and a vagabond. "After they get to be fifteen or sixteen years of age," says Mr. Colby, "there isn't much use trying to do anything with them." For this class, there is the Juvenile Court, the industrial farm, and the State reformatory; but for the boy who has all the tendencies and the temptations to do wrong, and who is just learning the ways of the road, there is needed a toll-gate "at the junction of the roads" to stop him, and a clearing house to send him back where he belongs. One of these toll-gates, these clearing houses, these life saving stations, is the Chicago Boys' Club.

"We must train for living through training for a livelihood."—*President James, University of Illinois.*

XI

AN URGENT NEED

It is not the claim of the Chicago Boys' Club that all of its members are to become the leading statesmen and professional men of the future. No! on the contrary, the most of them are to become the carpenters, the printers, the plumbers, the mechanics, and the common day-labourers of the next generation. They are either to fill these humble stations with honour, or else to fill the ranks of the saloon-keepers, the gamblers, the tramps, and the "bums" of the future. Which place they are to fill it remains with the public to say.

The public school, according to its present curriculum, is failing to teach the boy of the slums, what he most needs to know. That educators are beginning to realize this fact is very apparent to any one who at all keeps abreast of the tide of current literature and expression. Here are a few quotations taken at random from the magazines and public addresses of the day:

President Roosevelt voiced the sentiment of many when he wrote thus, in his annual message to Congress: "It should be one of our prime objects as a nation, so far as feasible, constantly to work towards putting the mechanic, the wage-worker who works with his hands, on a higher plane of efficiency and

reward; . . . unfortunately, at the present, the effect of some of the work in the public schools is in exactly the opposite direction. If boys or girls are trained merely in literary accomplishments, to the total exclusion of industrial, manual and technical training, the tendency is to unfit them for industrial work and to make them reluctant to go into it, or unfitted to do well if they do go into it."

In an article in *World's Work*, we find the words: "One of the biggest and stubbornest facts that face us in our prosperity is the lack of skilled workmen. We are suddenly waking up to it that with all our educational machinery, there is no part of it, except a few private schools and the bare beginnings of work in a very few public schools, that trains the young directly to earn their living by the trades. . . . Most of the 'education' that we offer to those who must become wage-earners not only fails to fit them for their work but tends to make them dissatisfied with it. Our high-schools are designed to help business and professional men—the class which needs help least. We learned long ago that a college which was meant chiefly to train preachers would not give us good engineers; and we have been building engineering schools ever since. We are now finding out that a high-school which is meant mainly to prepare boys for college does not help boys who are going to be carpenters."

"In many parts of the United States," says Arthur W. Page, in an article in *World's Work*, "we are waking up, almost suddenly, to this fact, that skilled

workmen are scarce in all trades, and that we have ridiculously inadequate machinery for training them."

Again, Mr. Wm. Noyes has said in an article in *The Independent:* "Very unequally do we provide for the needs of the boy. The school is organized to teach him to acquire information and to some extent to think. We leave him alone to devise his own plays, and only recently have we begun to appreciate that he must have opportunities to play other than those of the asphalted street between two rows of buildings. That the boy also needs to work, we have hardly recognized at all."

The above quotations suffice to show that this is a live question; that the public is beginning to awake, in a most practical way, to this higher need.

In former generations, trade training was not so much needed as now, because then life was more simple and the young could find employment of a beneficial nature on their father's premises, or in workshops. Recently, all has been changed. The process of specialization has done away with the once-valuable apprentice system. Nowadays, an apprentice is merely a machine. Set at one monotonous task all the day long, as he is, there is no longer a chance for learning a trade in a shop. A young man goes to work in a factory and is at once placed at a machine, where he grinds out bolts, or pins or moldings the year round. He has no chance, as had his father before him, of learning all the details of a trade or an industry.

To provide for this new emergency that has arisen is the crying need of the times.

There are and have been for years, technical schools, where the upper classes of young men may be equipped as engineers or expert machinists. Such schools are the Boston School of Technology, Pratt Institute of New York, and the Armour Institute of Chicago.

These are supplying a need, but they are supplying it to those who need it least. The need and the demand of the hour is for schools where the common people can be prepared for common tasks. Thus far, the public school has failed to meet this need. Its principal purpose has been to prepare its students for college, and the principal purpose of the college is to prepare its students for one of the professions or for business life. But the great mass of mankind are not, and never can be, doctors, and lawyers, and statesmen, or even master-mechanics and engineers. It is the lower stratum of society that most needs the effort and the attention of the benevolent, and it is this class that has received the least.

Literacy has, until now, been made the standard of excellence in education. As Mr. Seaver, the Superintendent of the Public School System of Boston, has said: "The traditional balance between learning and labour has been upset, and learning taken the whole time." Another writer has said: "Literacy has become a sort of a fetich which we confidently believe will cure all our ills, while a large and im-

portant factor in education, learning by work, has been left to the horrible dens of exploitation in which many of our children are sooner or later caught as unskilled child labourers."

In a measure, seeing this lack of balance between learning and labour, the public schools have recently begun a remedy by installing manual-training as a part of their curriculum. This, however, has been found in most cases to be of little value, except as a diversion from the regular routine of literary studies; it in no case prepares the students for a livelihood along the line studied.

In reference to this subject, a recent writer has said: "Even if our manual training methods were well planned with reference to modern industry, how much of it would a boy be likely to learn who spent only one-hundredth of his waking hours at work? Yet, that is all that a boy in our best equipped schools gets in 'manual training.' Such dabbling as this cannot be dignified by the name of work."

Besides the ordinary schools for mental training, there are four distinct kinds of schools which train the hand.

1. The manual training school gives shop work in connection with literary studies. The work in the shops is not considered to be, in itself, of practical value to the student. It is simply a part of his education, a means of training his faculties, sharpening his wits and broadening his vision.

2. An industrial school uses manual training and shop work of various kinds as a means of discipline,

and for the purpose of inculcating within its students habits of industry, of orderliness and of precision.

3. A technical school aims to fit its pupils for the higher positions offered by trade and industry. Its graduates usually become civil, mechanical, electrical or mining engineers, master-mechanics, shop-superintendents or foremen.

The object of the school is to make of the student an employer or manager, rather than an actual worker at a trade.

4. A trade school, on the other hand, aims to fit its pupils for a definite occupation. It fills the place once filled by the apprentice-system by training the prospective wage-earner in all the details of a particular trade and thoroughly preparing him to enter that trade on a paying basis. "The main object," says Prof. Mary Schenck Woolman, director of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, "is to help the wage-earner to become self-supporting in some direct occupation."

The manual training-school method applies mostly to high-school or grammar-school pupils.

The trade school is adapted best to the people of moderate means and ordinary intelligence, and its methods are greatly needed to be used among the people of the slums and inhabitants of the tenements. Manual training methods have been in operation in the public schools, especially in the large cities, for several years, and the movement for its introduction is rapidly spreading.

The industrial method is used mostly by reformatory

schools and charitable institutions among the poor.

The technical school reaches the young men and women of the upper classes.

Most of the large cities now have fully equipped manual training high-schools. None of these, however, pretend to teach a trade or to prepare a wage-earner definitely for a life-work.

Technical schools and engineering-schools are abundant. Boston has its School of Technology; New York has its Pratt Institute; Chicago has its Armour and Lewis Institutes, and almost every state gives a like training in its universities; but these are all for the men of high qualifications and wide opportunities.

Almost every state has its industrial homes and reform schools for the dependent and delinquent classes, and there are many private institutions which give industrial training. Yet, there is still a crying need that has not been met. A few small beginnings have been made by various cities in founding public trade schools. The city of New York maintains two evening trade schools, Springfield, Mass., has a successful one, Philadelphia has lately started a trade school which is open for both day and evening classes. The city of Columbus, Ga., however, is the first one, so far, that has undertaken the work of trade training on a large scale and in a complete and systematic way.

The cry is in these days becoming loud and insistent for this kind of work to be inaugurated in all

cities under board of education management. Yet those who plead for this have by no means counted the cost or weighed the difficulties. There are serious obstacles to be met in the attitude which the trades unions may take towards such a project. There is the difficulty of at once obtaining trained and competent teachers to meet this sudden demand. There is the immense additional expense upon the already-burdened tax-payers. There is the impossibility of the teacher giving each student the individual attention necessary in the learning of a trade. And besides these superficial difficulties, there is the inner hindrance to the best work which always adheres to public institutions, the political wire-pulling, the objection to moral or religious teachings, and the difficulty of adapting the universal principle to local requirements.

The private school, supported by voluntary contributions or by endowment, and administered on an independent basis, has the advantage in many respects over the public school.

The private school is able, as the public school would not be, to take in orders and thus have the pupils feel that they are doing what would actually be done in the trade. At the same time, this insures the use of just the materials for practice that are used in and demanded by the trade. This practice has operated successfully in the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, whose work will be described later.

Another advantage of the private school over the public institution is that it makes possible a more

practical work. The teachers and managers of a philanthropy can keep in touch, as the public school-teachers cannot, with the actual workers at the trades and with the employers of labour, and thus see to it that the work taught in the school is just the same as the work demanded in the factories. The private school can have better facilities for placing its graduates in gainful positions and in otherwise assisting them after graduation.

Let us see what some of these private trade schools have done and what have been the results of their efforts.

There is in New York City a trade school which has been in successful operation for twenty-six years. It is called "The New York Trade School." It was founded in 1881 by the late Col. Richard Tylden Auchmuty. It trains young men to be plumbers, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, blacksmiths, steam-fitters, electrical-workers, printers, carpenters and pattern-makers.

Since its foundation, 12,648 young men have availed themselves of its privileges. During the past four years, the annual attendance has averaged over eight hundred students.

The tuition here is placed so low that almost any one may meet its requirements.

A similar institution in New York City is the "Baron De Hirsch Trade School," which has been in operation for about twelve years. Instruction here is entirely free. The students are mostly Russian Jews. The purpose of this school, as stated in its

catalogue, is to fit young men in as short a time as possible to obtain employment in one of the mechanical trades as a means of livelihood.

Practically the same industries are taught here as in the New York Trade School.

A somewhat similar work is the "Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades," which is located on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Here the boy is clothed and fed as well as being prepared for a trade, and no charge whatever is imposed.

Another interesting institution, and one that is a pioneer along its line, is the Manhattan Trade School for Girls. Although it has been in operation only about four years, its growth has been phenomenal. The managers have recently purchased at a cost of $200,000 a large six-story building located at No. 209 East Twenty-third Street, New York. This building is now equipped with up-to-date machinery and accommodations for 500 pupils.

These pupils, all from the poorer districts of New York, are thoroughly trained in the trades of hand-sewing, dressmaking, millinery, pasting and machine-operating. In connection with these technical branches, the girls are instructed in mathematics, English, art-work and designing, physical culture and housekeeping.

In order that the poorest and most needy girls may be able to avail themselves of the advantages of the school, many are helped in amounts varying from mere carfare to the equivalent of a small wage.

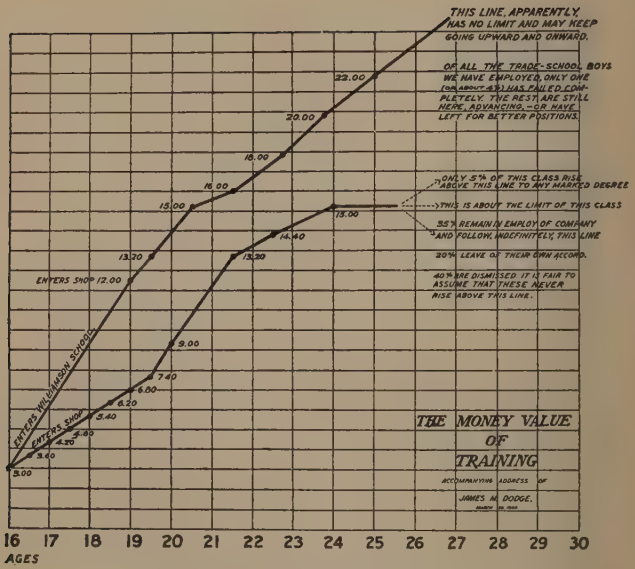

Chart Showing Value of Trade School Training

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

This philanthropy is supported, not only by contributions from generous givers, but also, in smaller amounts, from many of those who are now wage-earners and who see the value of the training for those who are just starting in the trade. Valuable aid is obtained also through the filling of trade-orders. The work of each department is so arranged that the girls can be constantly making articles for sale, and at the same time be learning, under the individual instruction of competent, loving teachers, all the details of the trade of their choice. Each girl is taught just what she needs to make her a competent and a trusted worker at a specific trade.

Having viewed a few splendid samples of what has been and can be done along the line of trade-training, let us see what are the actual results of this work, and inquire if there are adequate returns for the time, the money, and the labour expended.

The records of the Baron De Hirsch School show that it has graduated during the eleven years of its existence 1,281 pupils, the most of whom are now working at the trade for which they were prepared. "Of the 221 graduates of the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first classes reporting on October 1, 1905, 190 had worked before entering the school at an average weekly wage of $5.39. The average of the 221 immediately after the five and a half months' training was $7.50. After two years, the wages increased about 100 per cent., some graduates receiving as much as $24.75 a week, full journeymen's pay. It costs the school about $132 to

train each boy. The immediate increase in his yearly earning power is almost equal to $132 and that is the least important result. The important fact is that the boy has started to become a skilled mechanic, an economically profitable and desirable citizen. This is the quickest and cheapest and most effective known process of transforming a Russian Jew, who might otherwise start life as a collar-button vender or a sweatshop worker, into a skilled American workman."

In the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, the estimated average yearly cost to the school for the training of each girl is $80. Of the 200 graduates during the short history of the school, practically all of them are now at work and making a far higher wage than they did, or could before entering the school.

The last report of the institution sums up the results as follows:

"I. The demand for its workers is greater than the supply, and those firms which have tried them, desire more and even offer a premium for obtaining them.

"II. The 152 girls who were heard from on January 1, 1906, have secured positions and are making good salaries.

"III. Experience has shown that a girl of ability, after eight months to a year at the school can earn, in weekly wage, from $5 upward, and many girls, after a short time in the market, can make $8 or $10 per week before they are seventeen years old,

while on piece work, some are receiving $10.50 to $15."

These are some of the pecuniary results of trade school training; but there are other results which, though less apparent, are far more valuable and lasting. When a poor young lad or a girl from the slums has been trained for a trade and sent out into the world a self-productive and economically profitable worker, not only has that individual been benefited, but the entire community has been lifted a notch higher through the influence of that individual in its midst. Then, there is the moral benefit upon the lives of the students and through their lives upon the character of the community into which they go. The Manhattan Trade School for Girls, especially, reports a marked improvement in the character and conduct of the girls under their charge during and after the days of their training.

To those who observe the signs of the times and watch the course of events, an entire change of attitude is noticeable on the part of the public towards the criminal classes.

Formerly the method used with criminals, and would-be criminals, was that of repression; recently the method has changed to that of prevention; now there is dawning the day of construction.

The efforts at manual training in our schools and charitable institutions, and at industrial training in our reformatories and prisons, show a groping after this higher ideal, but we are still only following after that we may attain.

The recent laudable movement for the establishment of small parks and playgrounds in our great cities, and of breathing-spaces in the midst of crowded slums, represents at best but preventative measures.

The most of the boys' clubs as they have now come to be established in most of the large cities of the country are conducted only on preventative lines.

Their sole purpose seems to be to keep the wild boys off the street.

After making a tour among the various boys' clubs and social settlements in different cities over the country, this fact became to the writer vividly apparent. In practically all of them, amusement is the principal feature, and in some of them, at least, the nature of the amusement, and the helpfulness of its influence upon the character of the boy, may well be called in question.

As was urged in the fourth chapter of this book, games and sports, athletics and even industrial training must not be regarded as things of value in themselves alone; but largely as a means to a higher end. As was stated in the first chapter, the Chicago Boys' Club is unique among other boys' clubs and other works of its kind in that it makes industrial training and Christian instruction the leading features of its work.

Although this institution has advanced further and accomplished more by way of actually fitting its members for life and manhood than any other like institution of which we know, there are still higher

stations of usefulness to which its managers aspire.

The purpose of this institution has been from its inception, not simply prevention, but formation and construction. There is the same need in Chicago that exists in New York and Philadelphia and all other large cities, for a school that gives to the children of the poor a practical training in the trades.

The "Industrial Departments," as they are called by the workers at the Chicago Boys' Club, are a beginning; a real start towards the greater work which is so sorely and so urgently needed.

What is needed is a trade school, whose advantages shall extend to the poorest of the poor.

It has been proven that the poorest of the poor and the lowest of the low will take advantage in their younger years of industrial training which is offered them. Why then should they not, under the same management, take advantage of trade training when they are older?

The great need of the work as it has now developed is to find a solution of the big-boy-problem. For the small boy, the little street waif, the present equipment is sufficient; but these little ones are constantly growing up, and as they grow up they slip out of the hands of the workers and will continue to do so until some more adequate provision is made for them.

This provision can be made; it must be made. Because the work must be done, it will be done. The question is, "Who will be the doer of it?"

"Blessed is the man who has found his work." —*Bronson.*

XII

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN THE WORK

THE successful man, says Voltaire, is "He who knows better than anybody that which everybody knows."

"Uncle Henry," in "Letters from an Old Public Functionary to his Nephew," says: "When you visit a really successful institution, the effect on your mind is that the things you see done are just the sort of things you'd have done yourself if you had only thought of them."

The wonderful thing about the Chicago Boys' Club is not the perfectness of its system or the intricacy of its machinery; but rather the naturalness and simplicity of all its workings. It is successful because it just fits the need for which it exists. It just fits the need because the plan on which it is conducted is God-given and not man-made.

As was stated frankly in the opening pages of this book, the Club was founded upon faith and prayer.

The preceding chapters have told the story of the victories for the Kingdom which this faith has brought about.

It remains for this chapter to relate how the principle of faith and the heritage of prayer have run through the warp and woof of the work from the first.

When Mr. Atkinson, the superintendent and founder of the Club, was receiving his first intimations of the need for such a work to be done, and of his call to do it, the first and all-important question before him to decide was: "What is the divine will? What is the mind of the Spirit?" His cry was like that of Moses: "Except the Lord go forth with our hosts, carry us not out hence," and this has been the cry of the soul, not only in the beginning but throughout every little detail of the work from the first.

The founder did not, however, wait expecting some sign to be blazoned upon the sky. He went to work to find out what was the mind of the Spirit. First, he made sure he knew the situation. He studied the needs of the field. He went abroad and studied the situation and methods of work in other lands and cities. He also read books of biography in order to find out how other men who had "done things" had discovered their life work. He counselled with men, and from them, naturally enough, received as many different and conflicting opinions as there were different men. In the meantime, and all the time, he waited upon God. Upon a day when the strain of uncertainty and conviction was becoming unbearable, and when a crisis was evidently approaching, he boarded a train and sped away into Iowa. This was for the purpose of counselling with a man in whose consecrated judgment he had great confidence, in hopes of finding out what to do. The man thought and prayed and weighed the matter pro and con, and then gave him a discouraging answer.

This, however, did not persuade him to give up the project. The burden of conviction was upon him. So again he boarded a train and sped away into Minnesota; this time to a lifelong friend, a man of wealth and influence, but one from whom he could not hope to obtain spiritual advice.

When he laid his project before this man, at once he became interested. He inquired how much funds it would require to start and conduct for one year an institution such as he proposed. "Four thousand dollars," was the reply. "I will stand good for one fourth of that amount," was the response.

Here was an opening—a "leading" or a temptation, which? It was soon found to be a leading, for before long other funds began to come in to meet this subscription. The clouds had now begun to break away.

However, it was not yet to be smooth travelling. Like a river winding through the prairie and then suddenly plunging into a mountain cañon, where obstructions are on every side, such has been the progress of this work. The gorges and waterfalls have been more frequent, however, than the quiet plains.

The next difficulty to present itself after the first financial crisis was over, was the seeming impossibility of getting a charter for the institution. It happened that a law had just previously been enacted which required that any new institution of a charitable nature seeking a charter must first receive the sanction of the proper authorities. Some of the authorities were known to take the stand that there

were already charitable institutions enough; so a new plan along charity lines could have little hope of recognition. This obstacle seemed to be impassable; yet the promise of God to make the crooked ways straight and the rough places smooth was soon verified. The obstacle melted away like snow before an April sun. Soon the charter was obtained and a strong, earnest, influential body of men were enlisted as a Board of Directors.

For a time, things went somewhat smoothly, but soon another obstruction loomed on the horizon. This time it was the rent. The building in which the Club was first started was at the time under the control of a Chinese physician, who himself occupied the second floor of the building. From him was rented at first one room on the third floor, with the understanding that later, if desired, the entire floor would be available. In a few weeks, the other part of the floor was vacated by the Chinaman and the Boys' Club expanded to occupy the entire space.

Some time after this, the proprietor of the building notified the Club managers that he had a renter for the two upper floors, so the boys would have to get out unless they occupied the entire space. Then, obviously hoping to get the boys out, the good doctor stipulated that the entire year's rent must be paid in advance. This seemed impossible; but still, the superintendent would not be daunted. He "got busy." He explained the situation tersely to some men of means. As a result of this, $300 came in from one party, $200 from another, and—all unex-

pected—$50 came from a man who had before stated that he would give his influence and his time but he "couldn't give any money." Others contributed until there was enough, and more than enough, to meet the emergency.

Again, two years later, another crisis arose.

By this time, a cigar merchant was occupying the ground floor of the building, the Chinese physician was occupying the second, and the Boys' Club, the third and fourth floors.

The proprietor of the cigar store down-stairs demanded that "the noisy kids" be put out of the building. So destruction again appeared in sight; but the superintendent and his co-workers went to prayer.

In a few days, notice came that the entire building had been leased by another company who would occupy the ground floor. This opened the way entirely clear of obstructions, and the entire three upper floors of the building—extra room that was very much needed—were easily subrented from the new occupant.

Another crisis came further on when it seemed necessary to close the doors, temporarily at least, on account of insufficient funds. This time the superintendent laid the matter before his co-labourers in prayer meeting assembled, and, as usual, the assurance was obtained in prayer, that the Father above still stood by His promise that He would never leave nor forsake.

The third day afterwards, in answer to this prayer,

a person who had hitherto been time and again appealed to, sent in, unsolicited, a check for one hundred dollars. About the same time, other funds arrived, and so the work went on.

These are a few instances of divine interposition in answer to faith and prayer, when without it the work would have gone under the tide completely. Yet, not only in the matter of necessary finances has the hand of the Lord been manifested. Equal help has been obtained in the deciding of plans, in the procuring of helpers, and in the winning of spiritual victories in the slums.

There have been several knotty problems to solve in the history of this work, and their solution has usually been through a direct leading in answer to prayer. However, there is always linked with this trust in God, sound judgment, wise counsel, and careful business methods. The two things are not incompatible as evidenced by the lives of some of the world's greatest and most influential men. William E. Gladstone and Lord Shaftesbury were both praying men, and their faith was like that of a child. The same can be said of Lincoln, of Grant, of Washington, of "Stonewall" Jackson, and of many others.

At the time of the opening of the Girls' department of the Club in 1905, a great question arose to be decided. The need for a separate and definite work to be done among the girls of the slums became apparent to several of the workers and the friends of the Club at the same time. When the deciding of the question could be no longer postponed, the super-

intendent called a meeting of the workers for the purpose of discussing the matter. The entire afternoon was spent in counsel and prayer. After counting over the things which opposed and those which encouraged the work, all agreed that there was a great and crying need among the girls; but no one saw how the work could be done, or whence the funds for so great an undertaking were to come. The position was like that of the Israelites of old, as they looked over into the promised land. It could be seen that across the river was a land of great luxuriance and wide opportunity; but also there were giants there. As in that case, so here, spies had previously been sent out to survey the land. One of the workers had already canvassed the field and had found a building near by on State Street, which could be had. The building was perfectly adapted in location and size for the temporary needs of the proposed work; but the giant opposing and weakening their faith was the great increase of expense. Already, the superintendent and those responsible for the finances of the work were overburdened, so that this added amount, both of money and labour, seemed too much for human strength. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, there were some who brought a favourable report and said: "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

To this they finally agreed. The river was crossed, the waters rolled back, and as with Israel of old, the projectors of the work were left to conquer or go down in the fight. As is always true of those who

"trust in the Lord, and go forward," the giants were overcome, the walls of Jericho fell down, and to this day, the land is being held.

Another turning point was reached when it became necessary to decide upon the question of opening a branch of the work in that terribly sin-infested portion of the city known as "Little Hell." This was, if possible, a more serious question to decide than that of the Girls' department, for this involved not only the financial risk, but also a question of advisability. As there were other agencies already at work in the field, the question arose, should we feel called upon to infringe upon their territory?

At first, only a small and an experimental beginning was made. A basement floor was rented, a gymnasium and assembly-room were installed, and the work was launched to see what could be done. After a few months of experiment, the possibilities of the work seemed so promising that it became necessary to either organize there on a large and permanent scale, or else to abandon the field altogether.

It occurred that just at this time the entire three-story building, of which only the basement had hitherto been in use by the Club, was advertised for rent at the price of sixty-five dollars per month. This meant either to rent it all or to rent none.

Having spent hours in thought and prayer and counsel over the matter, one morning, after a restless, wakeful night, the superintendent saw, as if in a trance, the figures "50" blazoned in large characters on the wall of his chamber. Although he is not a man of

superstitious or credulous nature, he took this as an indication that he was to go forward.

So as soon as possible, he explained to the owner of the building that he was uncertain whether to continue his work in that locality or not; but if "50" dollars per month would be any inducement to him, he would undertake the rental of the building at that price.

To his gratification—not to his surprise—the owner returned after a day of deliberation and accepted the terms offered. Thus was sealed the promise: "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Work was started, an experienced man was found for manager of the project, and the work is to-day growing fruit for future harvests.[1]

Not only has faith brought the means for the support of this work and the wisdom necessary for its management, but also it has brought the consecrated, God-appointed men and women necessary for its upbuilding.

It is not the man of great reputation who is sought as a worker here; no, rather the man who is fitted by nature and grace—by predestination if you please—is the one who is chosen for the work. In fact, often the men are not sought or chosen at all, but come just at the time of need. There are cases to-day like that of David, who was "taken from the sheepcotes," and was made king over Israel. Such a case is that of Mr. C——. This man was taken

[1] The building represented by the accompanying illustration is to-day overcrowded and mighty results are there being accomplished.

Branch Club—No. II

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

from the road, from a responsible position as travelling salesman for a large Chicago Packing House, where he was making a large salary and had every prospect of worldly advancement, and was placed over the thousands of newsboys and street waifs of Chicago as their protector and friend. He came unsought and undirected by any human hand. While on the road, wherever he went, he was known not only as a good salesman and a Christian business man, but also as a great lover of children. No children ever passed him unnoticed, and the more ragged, and dirty, and forsaken they were, the more notice he took of them. His attitude was so kindly and so genuine towards everything that is weak or mistreated that even vicious, snarling dogs were, in certain instances, known to respect him as a friend. One such belonging to a butcher on his territory was as gentle and harmless as a lamb in his presence, while to every one else, he was entirely unapproachable.

Such a man it was who was chosen to fill a vacancy as the head worker among the boys of the Chicago Boys' Club.

It happened that a few months before the vacancy occurred at the Boys' Club, this man had been called to the superintendency of a proposed "Boys' Christian Club," composed of Sunday-school children from the aristocratic homes of Englewood. After a short time of unsuccessful effort to build this work into a permanent organization, he heard for the first time of the Chicago Boys' Club. Within three weeks after his first visit to the Club, in fact after his first knowl-

edge of the existence of the Club, he was installed as full director of its evening classes. He came on the ground before the resignation of the former director, and was ready for the place when his predecessor, from unforeseen necessity, had to step out.

The history of his department of the work, and in fact of the whole work from that time,—for his labour has influenced it all,—shows the certainty and the wisdom of this divine appointment.

Another worker who has undoubtedly been "called" to the particular work in which she is engaged is Miss T——, one of the city missionaries, or "Friendly Visitors," as they are called. She came into the work in somewhat the same way as did the man above mentioned. While she was engaged as a housekeeper in a home on the North Side, she one night visited the Boys' Club, became interested in its work, asked if there was anything she could do, and finally offered herself as a teacher in its basket weaving department. For almost a year she gave, entirely without pay, three of her evenings every week to this work. She did not even accept the payment of her carfare. Not only this, but she made regular contributions of money into the treasury of the Boys' Club. All of this time, her work as housekeeper on the North Side was still continued. Later she began to put in what hours she could spare from home duties in accompanying the Club's Friendly Visitors on their rounds. Through this practice, she was led on until she had found her life work.

A few years ago a young man went into the office

of the Club and offered himself as a worker in the cause. Just then, there was a vacancy in the clerkship, so he was used to fill the place. He proved to be probably the best man ever connected with the work for searching out, drawing to him, and influencing for good, the toughest of the tough, the typical "alley rats," the pickpockets, the sleep-outs, and those boys whom no one else could handle at all. He was, and is, a born slum worker. After several months spent in valuable consecrated work among the boys, he went to an Eastern College to prepare himself for the ministry.

Others who have done good work, have begun by walking into the superintendent's office, asking a few awkward questions, and finally offering their services should there be anything for them to do. Such an one the superintendent turns loose in the rooms, free to do whatever he can find that needs doing. Some of these have gone into the game-room or the gymnasium, strolled about aimlessly, struggled and blundered and failed for a time at one task and another, until finally they have found their place and fitted into it. These usually find that there are many things they cannot do; but there is one thing they can do; that thing they were made to do, and woe be unto them if they do it not. Thus, the Boys' Club has been the making of many a man by discovering for him his life work, as it has been the making of many a boy of the slums by fitting him for a life work.

As a wise master builder plans every beam and

joint, every arch and pillar that is to go into the house which he is constructing, so this work seems to have been planned by One wiser than man. "A man for every place and every man in his place" is the motto of every successful enterprise, whose working staff has been chosen under divine guidance.

There is no place here for nephews and friends and worn-out preachers seeking an easy living, but only for strong, faithful, consecrated, God-appointed men and women.

Besides the finding of workers, the deciding of plans and the raising of money, another way clearly shown in this work is in the winning of spiritual victories.

A few of these victories have been described in Chapter V of this book. But there are others which will never be known until the last day, when the secrets of men's hearts are disclosed.

A wise man has said: "Figures count but little when we are dealing with soul-stuff." As it is primarily with "soul-stuff" that these workers are engaged, the good done cannot be adequately recorded in cold figures. Yet figures are kept most scrupulously in the office of this institution, from the penny of the Sabbath-school child and the dime of the poor washerwoman to the hundreds of the wealthy. Also, the attendance and the personal record of every boy and girl member of the Club is accurately kept. All of the accounts are carefully and regularly audited by the board of directors of

the institution, and the facts and figures of the work are made public in an annual report printed in the Boys' Club organ, *Darkest Chicago and Her Waifs.*

XIII

CONCLUSION

As a conclusion to the foregoing pages, it seems appropriate to quote a few extracts from a letter recently received at the office of the Chicago Boys' Club. This letter is used, not because it is peculiar or because it is at all considered presumptuous; but because it is a good sample of the many like it that are being received constantly.

"*Chicago, Ill.*

"MR. J. F. ATKINSON,

"*Supt. Newsboys' Home,*

"MY DEAR SIR:

"The marked paragraphs on the reverse of this sheet caught my eye. As my wife and I have contributed two or three times in the past to your noble work, it will perhaps not be out of place for me to express my opinion of said paragraphs to you. Is it not strange that a city of over 2,000,000 people like Chicago with its untold wealth does not speedily equip you for the more extensive work you desire to do for the newsboys? Why, there are plenty of names on the last page of your little magazine, any one of whom could donate the entire amount of your last year's expenditure and never miss the gift. Yet we people of very moderate means are appealed to away out here in Iowa to assist in caring for rich Chicago's newsboys. What's the matter with your own millionare citizens? These needy newsboys, like Lazarus at the gate of Dives, are lying at *their* doors!"

The paragraphs referred to in the above letter were as follows:

"The principles underlying the great rescue work of the Chicago Boys' Club are as broad as the needs of the human race, and yet a few people who chance to live outside of the corporate limits of the city of Chicago decline to support it on the ground that they do not happen to live within the city.

"Is this your conception of charity or of a magnanimous man?

"Of course these people do not understand that some of the best work we do is on behalf of the poor country boys who gravitate to this great city from all over the Middle West."

Yes, certainly it is true that this institution has individual contributors who are abundantly able to meet its entire yearly expenses, but the question is, would it be best if they should?

It is also true that there is ample wealth in the city of Chicago and in other great cities, with which to meet all the needs of their poorer classes. But the question is one greater and wider than that. It is not only money in the abstract that these various institutions need, but a wide range of interested helpers. The superintendent of a great and widely useful philanthropy once said, "The worst thing that could happen to this institution would be for some man to give it a million dollars."

Suppose for an instant that all of these multitudinous charitable enterprises were easily supported by the wealthy leisure classes. Those of moderate means would not only be deprived of the opportunity to give, but they would also miss the information which that opportunity brings with it.

The Chicago Boys' Club, as an example, obtains its support from a very extensive field. During the year 1906 there were 2,438 individual contributors to

its "Waifs' Treasury"! Of these, 1,111 resided within the city of Chicago. The state of Illinois, outside of the city of Chicago, made 896 individual contributions. The other 431 contributions came from individuals residing in fourteen different states and one foreign country. These fourteen different states included territory from California to New York and from Canada to New Mexico. Of these 2,438 individual contributions, 1,962, or eighty per cent. of the whole number, were in sums of less than ten dollars. The individual amounts contributed during the year varied in size from five thousand dollars to ten cents. It can easily be seen that if one man had freely donated the entire $15,813 necessary for the expenditures of that year, the other 4,237 persons who did contribute towards the support of the work would have been cheated out of the privilege of giving, and many of them, I am assured, did count it a privilege.

Then again, if one person had contributed the entire amount, the other 2,437 persons who contributed to the support of the work would not have a financial interest in it, and it is far better to have 2,438 individuals pouring their money into the possibilities of Waifdom than to have one individual do all the pouring. Statistics like the above can be shown from many,—in fact, from almost all other charitable institutions.

The donations towards the support of the famous Bowery Mission in New York City are poured in in small amounts from all over the country, and, in fact,

from all over the world. The great world-famous work of Dr. Thos. J. Barnardo in England is conducted along the same lines. During the forty years of their existence, "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" have received in contributions the amount of $16,579,660. In the year 1905 there were received $981,430. Out of the 94,591 individuals who together contributed this amount, 87,289, or over ninety-one per cent. of the gifts were in sums of under fifteen dollars, and sixty-three per cent. of the whole were under five dollars each. Although there were a few gifts of $1,000, $2,000 and $5,000, the average amount of each donation stood at about ten dollars. As usual it is the small giver who was the hero of the occasion.

One writer, as quoted in the previous pages, has said, "Our close relations with the ignorant, the degraded, the vicious, which it is impossible to escape, are forcing us to do them good in self-defense."

The preceding chapters of this book have shown in detail how the immigrants from foreign climes are landing in multitudes upon our shores and settling in swarms in our city slums. As they form colonies in our great cities, they create as a writer has said, "Hotbeds for the propagation and growth of false ideas of political and personal freedom," and these hotbeds, if allowed to continue, become not only a menace to the inhabitants of the cities in which they are located, but a danger to every citizen of the country into which they have come. It behooves us then as a nation, not only as citizens of a local community, to rise up in our might and check this rising evil be-

fore it destroys us. There can be no doubt about it that "the religious campaign of the future must be waged chiefly in the great cities."

It was shown in chapters two and three of this book that within these cities lie a missionary problem and a missionary opportunity such as the world has never faced before, and these cities present a call to duty, not only to every Christian but to every loyal American.

It seems to be the idea of some people that Chicago's 2,000,000 inhabitants are all millionaires. The fact is not generally considered that one in every ten of these 2,000,000 people is not only unable to help support the city's institutions, but must be supported by the other nine-tenths of the people, and it is not considered that even among these nine-tenths who are in a measure self-supporting, scarcely one-tenth of them are at all benevolently inclined. Over three-fourths of the entire 2,000,000 of population are foreigners, and the foreigners cannot be expected to help evangelize themselves.

"Great cities," says a writer, "are sore-spots on the body politic." If these sores are allowed to spread, they will contaminate the whole body. Chicago is the nation's centre to which come not only its ambitious and aspiring ones, but also its dissatisfied and discouraged ones. It is the place where a few have made millions and multitudes have gone down in the struggle. "Chicago," says a writer, "is the inevitable centre for the forty millions of the West." From this centre there radiate in all directions, good or

The Finished Product

evil influences, according as the city is good or evil, and to this centre, there gather from all directions, those who are going to rise with its tide or sink in its abysses according as they are borne up by its good institutions or dragged down by its evil agencies. Chapters VI and VII of this book have shown what are some of the evil agencies which are ensnaring the youth of this city, Chapter X has shown how boys who drift into the city are ensnared and dragged down by these same evil influences, the entire book has shown what is being done, and has given a larger vision of what ought to be done, to overcome these evils. The larger the city, the greater are its problems, the more multitudinous are its charities, and the less charitable are its multitudes.

When the country at large, or any individual community in the country, can claim, as Chicago can, a percentage of only one-fifteenth of its population as members of some evangelical church, and a ratio of only one Protestant church for every 3,270 of its inhabitants, a proportion of seven saloons to every church of any denomination, one criminal to every thirty of its people, one insane person to every 400 and one pauper to every ten, then the people from that community may justly begin to call upon the city for assistance. In communities like the lumber camps of Northern Michigan, the mining camps of Alaska and the West, the negro settlements of the South, and the mountain regions of Tennessee and Kentucky, needy conditions do exist, and into these regions the people of the cities who are benevolently

inclined are constantly pouring their free-will offerings.

It is certain that people refuse to give to the cause of city missions and city philanthropy because they are ignorant of the conditions in the city and unaware of the crying needs which its conditions represent. So let this book close with the words used in a former chapter: "If it is due to a lack of intimate knowledge or a consequent dearth of personal feeling of responsibility that the people fail to go to the help of the needy, we who do know and feel, will be charitable and condemn ourselves, rather, for not bringing to them the news."

The purpose of this book, frankly stated, is to bring to all who will heed, the news that there are Waifs of the Slums and that there is A Way Out, and to inforce upon every one who will hear the fact that he or she, as a highly favoured individual, is called upon to help these unfortunate Waifs of the Slums to find their Way Out.

APPENDIX

SIDE LIGHTS

"TONY," MY FIRST WAIF

By J. F. Atkinson, Superintendent

It was a raw, chilly, December day with a little snow and considerable of ice on the partially frozen ground. The clouds were scurrying overhead and the rumble of wagons on the stone paved streets, heavily laden with various kinds of freight at this busy season of the year, could be heard in every direction. The clickety-click of the electric cars, cable lines and elevated trains, the familiar sound of the "hurry-up wagon" with its powerful gong, and the usual amount of smoke and soot, dust and dirt flying in the air, the roar of commerce and the hurrying multitudes and the evidences of abounding life all went to make it a typical Chicago day. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry. Chicago was in the saddle and on the stretch going pell-mell at break-neck speed after pork and beef, stocks and bonds. No wonder Chicago is quoted as "the busiest city in the world."

During the day I had occasion to visit the Newsboys' Restaurant in "de alley." I threaded my way amidst the throng of the streets and turned into the alley, which was crowded with delivery wagons and coal wagons. I very soon located the place, No. 171 "De Alley," and was told that I would find the restaurant on the second floor. Entering a dark, dingy

hallway and climbing a dark stairway to the second floor, I entered the restaurant, which was being conducted by ex-newsboys.

After attending to my errand I looked the company of little battered mites of humanity over and decided that this would be an opportune time for me to get "next" to some of "de guys." Seizing the opportunity, I ordered my "red-hots." No sooner was I seated at the lunch counter, constructed of plain boards, than the waiter called my attention to "Tony" with the remark, "That kid ain't got no one in the world to look after him." I invited "Tony" to a seat by my side, which he accepted reluctantly and with fear and trembling, for it is to be remembered that these little street waifs are suspicious of a stranger in their midst, thinking perhaps he is there looking for some one of them whom he wishes "de copper" to "pinch."

It is to our shame that we do not recognize these little fellows until the sap begins to boil up in them and they do one of the thousand and one things we all have done, or wanted to do if we but dared to do it, and as soon as he commits some little misdemeanour we "pinch" him and run him off to the police station.

I soon relieved "Tony" of his fears in this direction, and inquired of him concerning his history. So far as he knows, both his parents are now dead. His grandmother brought him from across the sea to Chicago a few years ago, where she lived with him in Noble Street until recently, when she died. Since

his grandmother's death "Tony" has wandered in Darkest Chicago with bruised and weary feet.

I inquired of him, "Where did you sleep last night?" He replied, "De ingineer in Monroe Street let me sleep in de ingin room for shov'lin' five wheelbarrow loads of coal fur 'im." On further inquiry I found that Tony was accustomed to sleeping in engine rooms, over grates, and in front of "hot wheels" in the alleys, in damp cellars, under stairways, and such other unsanitary and unhealthy places as would in a measure protect him from the cold. At this juncture, I gave him my card and requested him to call at my office, where he would find me later.

I heard nothing more from him until three weeks later. While selling "extras" one cold December day, he caught a severe cold and was threatened with typhoid fever, but fought it off for several days, when he finally gave up and his "pard" wanted him to go to the police station for shelter. (Oh, the thought of it causes the cold chills to play up and down my spinal column!) But Tony, remembering my card, searched it out from among his tattered and torn rags and gave it to his "pard" with the request that he should call on me and see whether or not I could do anything for him. Of course, I sent for him at once and thirty minutes later had him in my office, where I found him to be suffering with a considerable fever, a sore throat and a lame back. His lips were so parched and his eyes so sunken that I scarcely recognized him as the rugged little Tony

I had met three weeks before. His condition simply beggared description. And yet, his case is but a type of hundreds of others, as yet unrescued, who have never known any of the comforts of home or the restraining or the enlightening influences of moral or religious teaching, but all their lives have been herding with the most abandoned.

They know little else than heavy blows, brutal kicks from heavy boots, semi-savagery and semi-starvation. The ill conditioned, fetid slums where they are forced to spend their time gets the better of them and they succumb to sickness and disease.

I secured the services of a physician, who examined Tony and prescribed for him, after which we sent him to a hospital, where under skillful treatment he recovered rapidly and in due time came back to my office with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes and reported himself ready for work. I decided to take Tony home with me that night for the double purpose of further winning his confidence and studying the needs of his case at close range. After keeping him within our family circle a few days, I decided that if there was a worthy case among America's wastrels that case was the one in hand, so I offered to send him to one of our orphanages where he would be well cared for and I would pay all bills. But that was not according to Tony's idea of American citizenship. He wanted a "job" and a job he would have. During these days he spent most of his time in my office. One day I gave him a little money and told him to go out and get something to

eat. That was the last I saw of him for three days. Just when the foundation of my faith in him was giving way he stepped into my office and with beaming face told me how he "struck a job" in connection with one of our great daily papers the day I sent him out to get his lunch. I predict for Tony a bright future, and I will never regret the outstretched hand with the few dollars that helped him over the crucial point in his life.

I cannot close this too brief account of what has been accomplished in the life of our poor little waif, who is only a sample of hundreds of others with whom we are dealing constantly, without pressing upon my readers the question which keeps ringing in my ears and surging in my mind: "What is to become of our Tonys?" Our population is increasing by leaps and bounds, the congestion is becoming more dense every day. Hundreds and thousands of these waifs and strays are clamouring for admittance to our Boys' Clubs and are in direst need. And yet there is no work so hopeful or so productive of splendid and almost immediate results as the rescue of the young from these vicious and degrading environments. Never can the wise investor place his money out to better interest and with a more certain prospect of profitable returns than when he invests it in the possibilities of the "men of to-morrow."

Who can compute the importance of Christianizing these hundreds and thousands of rough and ready, ragged and dirty, tattered and torn, crap shooting and car flipping boys who are dubbed by

the scornful as "alley rats," who know nothing of order nor discipline nor of obedience nor restraint of any kind, and who must otherwise become a peril to our nation and a reproach to Christianity?

Now is the time to save them. Let the influences of the gospel of Christ be brought to bear at an early age upon the characters and dispositions of these little "hooligans"; let wise training be added, suitable to the age and physical conditions, and the future welfare of all those rescued is partially secured and many social problems which now perplex the most thoughtful will in the next generation have found a satisfactory solution. These would be incentives and rewards enough for the patient, faithful workers among the waste material of our slums.

DARKEST CHICAGO AND HER WAIFS

By Willis W. Cooper, Deceased

MUCH has been said of the ways in which we can make "a better Chicago." Much of it is senseless and foolish, because the would-be reformers seek to reverse the natural order of things and would begin at the top of a building rather than at the foundation.

The Chicago boy of to-day will be the citizen voter of to-morrow. We wonder at the conditions of things in certain wards of the city and speculate how these conditions can be changed. Any student who will give a moment's consideration to the facts will find that the recruits to the army of bums and law-breakers that infest the city come from among the boys who are growing up in ignorance, poverty and neglect. There they are,—thousands of them,—surrounded by every vice known to man, growing up day after day, familiarizing themselves with vice by associating with thieves, gamblers, drunkards, wife-beaters, harlots and everything else that is bad, with no one to hold out to them a helping hand.

Chicago is not a stranger to anarchy. In 1887, her policemen were mowed down by the dynamite bomb, and all who are not blind to the facts must realize that we are living over a volcano, which, like Mt. Pelee, is likely to break forth in an awful eruption at any hour. I think it was Dr. Spencer who said:

"There is not a country on earth so foreign as America. The streets of London are said to contain samples of the customs and costumes from every part of the globe. In the bazaars of Constantinople, they speak the language and dialects of all the countries bordering the Mediterranean sea, but the cities of New York and Chicago are more foreign than London or Constantinople."

If you will come with me to the Chicago Boys' Club, I will show you children from almost every nationality on earth. Many, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen years of age, can neither read nor write, but they are educated in the ways of the street and acquainted with the haunts of vice. With the exception of a few struggling missions, absolutely nothing is being done for these boys of the Levee district. The public-spirited citizens of Chicago cannot direct their philanthropies to a better advantage than to pour their contributions into this district and take hold of the thousands of boys who are a part of the foundations of the future Chicago. "Our duty to ourselves and our Christ demand that we educate, Christianize and assimilate these hordes into our religious and political life." When a foreign substance is introduced into the human body, one of two things happens. Either the substance is assimilated or expelled from the body, or the body dies from blood poison.

The Emperor of Germany is building chapels for the poor on the outskirts of Berlin in order to Christianize the masses who threaten to endanger the

peace and safety of the capital. He believes it is cheaper to build churches than prisons. I know that all of our church organizations are pressed to the limit with activities too numerous to mention, but here is a condition in which there is actual peril, and the time has passed for talk. We must act now. We cannot wait for action along denominational lines. Here is a work that must be taken up at once, and it can best be accomplished by the united effort of all Christian and patriotic citizens.

The Chicago Boys' Club has been organized over five years and is located at No. 262 State Street, near Van Buren Street, which street is the dead-line between the great business interests of the city and the slum district. It has, during this period, actually enrolled over 2,000 of these street boys and come in contact with thousands more who have made the club rooms their rendezvous. The Club has provided a large gymnasium, which is the only playground these boys have in which to work off their "superfluous energies." They have also a large lounging-room, in which are games of an interesting and harmless character. In this room is an office, where the boys are encouraged to patronize a branch of the Chicago Penny Savings Bank. There is also a piano, where, at the close of the day, numbers of the boys gather together and sing gospel songs. There are other rooms in different parts of the building in which classes are taught in printing, drawing, basket-weaving, carpentry, shoe-cobbling, etc. In another department are located bathing facilities,

where many of the boys enjoy free baths. Some of them have here taken baths over their entire bodies for the first time in their lives.

They do not pretend to have solved the boy problem, or to have found the best possible methods for handling these neglected classes, but they have made a beginning and the past experience has shown that boys can be reached and that they are hungry for the advantages and privileges that can, in this way, be put within their reach. A marked success in their efforts is noticed by the gradual and phenomenal changes that have taken place in the conduct, cleanliness and general appearance of many boys who came into the rooms in dirt, rags and squalor a few months ago.

A POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE FOR WAIFS

By Professor Solon C. Bronson

THE Chicago Boys' Club was organized in 1901 to meet the necessity of the street boys of Chicago. Mr. J. F. Atkinson, who had been prominently connected with the Illinois Children's Home Finding Society and whose heart had been deeply stirred over the condition of Chicago waifdom, is the man who, in the providence of God, began the work. He did not at first know exactly what the field was, nor yet what methods would be needful, but he wisely set himself to studying the field, and adjusted his agencies to meet the needs discovered. The way in which the project was developed is at once a testimony to Mr. Atkinson's wisdom and a prophecy of large success. The work thus far has the qualities which make for endurance, since it is but the response of a living organism to its environment. Every feature of it has grown up in answer to some real need. And the end is not yet, for greater things are in the future.

The needs of the field are great. That the number of boys in the down-town district is large, much larger than the frequenters of that region would suspect, is clear. It is estimated that there are from eight to ten thousand newsboys in Chicago. There are one thousand messenger boys, two thousand

more are employed in the great department stores. Then there are scores and hundreds of office boys, errand boys, bootblacks, waifs and strays. Chicago is the Mecca of Waifdom for all this great West. "Let Chicago take care of its own waifs, or pay for hanging them," wrote one testy woman who refused to help. Yes, but they are not all Chicago's waifs that we must care for or hang. But if they were, some of these waifs would damage other communities before they were hanged.

The condition of the boys reached by the Club is pitiable. It aims at the lowest level of humanity, and reaches it. Much of our charity strikes too high. After you have built and endowed your educational institutions and libraries, it still remains that there is a great mass of our citizens growing up on a plane far below the public library; and this class, rather than that touched by the educational institutions, constitute the social peril. The majority of these boys have homes of some sort, but the oldest Friendly Visitor reports that if we were to answer the question from a physical, mental and moral standpoint, she found but one home which could be considered at all wholesome for a boy, and that was the very modest home of a coloured family. Another visitor reported that in the visitation of seventy-five families she had not found more than a half dozen homes where boys had even the physical comforts of life. As a matter of fact, most of the homes are mere sheds, unfit from any point of view for human habitation.

Then there is a small army of "sleep-outs," waifs and strays, which no man can number because of its variableness. On my desk as I write is a flashlight photograph taken in midwinter at one o'clock in the morning. It is a basement room without furniture. Scattered about the floor are newspapers and playing cards, while twenty-six boys are seen sprawling on the floor asleep, some sitting against the walls, one with his arms about an iron post, some sufficiently aroused for the camera to catch the eye, and some of them smoking cigarettes. "How many boys are there in the down-town district?" I asked of the superintendent. "Don't know," he said. "If you asked me how many dogs there were, I could go to the records and find out, but nobody keeps tab on the boys." A majority of the boys in the Club sell papers, "shine 'em up," "hustle baggage," and the like. Many of them are thieves, beggars and parasites. They come from everywhere and nowhere. Some of them are children of prostitutes, many of them come from homes ruined by drink and others are the offspring of other forms of social misfortune. They are of all shades, of all nationalities, all sizes, all shapes, and all in dire need. Some of them never had a bath until coming to the Club.

As a result of the compulsory education act, it is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of them attend school with some degree of regularity. Yet the principal of one of the down town schools reported to the superintendent that if all the truants in that school district were gathered together there would not

be room for them in the school building. The Juvenile Court deals only with boys who have committed some offense and are arrested. The judge may then either parole to a probation officer, commit to the John Worthy School, send to Pontiac or to the Parental School, or to some of the various Catholic institutions. But for the boy who has not thus placed himself under the ban of the law, no provision is made.

When we reflect, then, that these little boys whose need is so great are being reached continuously by no other agency, the field and function of the Chicago Boys' Club may be understood. And how shall the Club reach these boys? That is no easy task, for one of the saddest phases of this life is the fact that the boys are deeply suspicious of every agency put in operation for their benefit. Like rats driven into the light on the street, alarmed and expecting some enemy, so these boys constantly look with suspicion upon every attempt to do them good. This has been seen again and again in connection with the penny savings bank. A little fellow has been known to put a penny in and then shortly take it out, "just to see if the thing worked"; and only after repeated trials of this sort would he have courage to leave his little capital there for future good. But this suspicion holds respecting all this thing we call society. Kicked and driven from place to place, ragged, footsore, strangers to kindness but acquainted with fear, is it any wonder that these boys distrust every effort to help them as some scheme "to do 'em up"? Or

that they are anarchists in embryo; their hand against every man's hand? Some of them have good grounds to fear society, for they are thieves and hoodlums, and occasionally are armed with deadly weapons. Ordinary methods therefore do not work here. "The Sunday-school racket" does not go with these lads, nor will they stand for the ordinary way of preaching the gospel.

And yet the Club does reach them helpfully in many ways. It is distinctively a Christian institution. The superintendent and all his assistants stand for the highest ideals of Christian life. "The primary object and paramount purpose of the work is and ever shall be the reclamation of the boys in all that the word means." "All our meetings are gospel meetings." These utterances of the superintendent indicate the deeply religious spirit of the work. I once said of this man, "He does this work for love of the boys." He corrected me instantly. "Say, 'He does it for the love of Jesus Christ.'"

The Club is organized on what is technically known as the mass-club idea. The boys are first admitted to a game room. Each boy on entering is "checked up," that is, his cap is checked and his name registered. Then he seeks the thing in the room that strikes his fancy. Perhaps, if he is new to the surroundings, he loiters about watching the other boys at play, until at length he finds a place in somewhere. If, on the other hand, he is already a member of one of the several classes, he at once makes for the room set apart for that class, or if he has no

class at that hour he employs himself as he chooses. Little restraint is exercised upon the boys in this game-room, except that some volunteer worker supervises, keeps score, or directs in the game. The game-room is one of the most important features in the institution. It is a cardinal principle of this room that a boy must preserve order, be considerate of others, neither to lie nor cheat and to be careful of the games and furniture. Here many a boy for the first time learns the difference between right and wrong. If it be true, as some pedagogues believe, that the playground is the best place to teach ethics, then the fact finds abundant illustration in this game-room of the Chicago Boys' Club. Very quickly a sense of these things is established as a code amongst these boys.

Here, too, is the sorting process, as the gentle workers move in and about the boys. Each boy is studied, personal acquaintance is made, and after a little time his likings are discovered. He may want to go to the manual training class, or the gymnasium, or he may find interest in some other department. There are about twelve of these departments now, including manual training, printing, cobbling, basket weaving, drawing, pyrography and the gymnasium. Then there are a kindergarten, a Young Citizens' Club, popular entertainments, public meetings, and a Sunday-school. Some of the general features are a shower bath, the dormitory where stranded boys may sleep, a penny savings bank, an employment bureau, provision for furnishing meals to hungry boys, and a

system of visitation. Not all of these activities are carried on at the same time. There is not room for that. To-night, for instance, in the "drawing-room" six little fellows are engaged in pyrography. There are two of these classes on a given night, one from seven to eight, and the second from eight to nine. The rule is that if a boy makes two articles on any design, he may keep the second one or dispose of it as he wishes. Some energetic lads sell their wares to the frequent visitors. The Young Citizens' Club meets one evening each week. It is an organization entirely controlled by the boys, and the forms of parliamentary law are observed. Very recently this Club sent a telegram to President Roosevelt, which seemed to strike a high note of patriotism. The remaining evenings this Club is presided over by a volunteer worker who gives the boys heart to heart talks on religious subjects, or matters kindred thereto.

The kindergarten provides for the smaller boys who are prepared to enter the other departments. The art room is one of the most interesting places in the Club and one which shows the largest results of any. Two boys from this room are now in the Chicago Art Institute.

Arthur Burrage Farwell in a letter to Luther Laflin Mills, the president of the Chicago Boys' Club, says: "One dollar spent on a boy from six to ten years of age is equal to fifty dollars spent on a youth of eighteen." In the light of that expression what more economical work for boys can be found, or what

better protection for society than the money expended in this work?

It is, moreover, susceptible of illimitable development. It is the purpose not only to add other departments as rapidly as the funds will justify, but ultimately to teach anything the boys may need, in short to establish a polytechnic institute for the lowest and most helpless of our citizens. "We need a little more money, not to invest in pork and beef, stock and bonds, but in 'embryo men,' the men of to-morrow."

WAIFDOM

By Bishop Joseph F. Berry

"Go with me and take a peep at our Chicago Boys' Club," said Mr. Willis W. Cooper the other afternoon. I readily consented.

A walk of five minutes brought us to No. 262 State Street, one of the headquarters of Chicago waifdom.

State Street is unique. You will find retail dry goods stores upon a half-dozen streets of New York or Boston or Philadelphia. But the Chicago dry goods trade is crowded into one street—State Street—and occupies only three or four blocks of space. The west side of State Street is as different from the east side as the Bowery is different from Fifth Avenue. Along the east side saunter the Chicago Four Hundred—men well dressed and well groomed, and women arrayed in the height of fashion. Along the

west side shamble a miscellaneous multitude—all sorts and conditions of men and women, many poorly clad, frayed, and faded—representatives of twenty nationalities, and jabbering as many dialects.

From Lake Street to Monroe Street, State Street is well kept and respectable. Below Monroe saloons multiply. Cheap hotels and lodging-houses abound. Pass Van Buren Street and you are in the slums. And such slums! Red-faced men hover about the saloon doors. Dissolute women stare brazenly into your face. Half-clad unwashed children play on the sidewalks and in the alleys. The air is heavy with the fumes of stale beer. The laugh of the harlot mingles with the ribald songs and cursings of half-drunken men at the bars and card tables. Cheap theatres and gaudy concert halls occupy the store spaces once used for legitimate business. Passion runs riot. Dissipation everywhere. Wretchedness everywhere. Ruin everywhere. The wages of sin is death. This is the cashier's headquarters, and this is pay day! And what a pay-roll he has! No. 262 is in the "respectable" part of State Street, but near the fringe of the levee. That makes the location just right. Three floors of the building are used. Before the place was rented for the Boys' Club, it was a well-known opium den. Some of the little rooms where the wretched victims of the opium habit smoked and slept their lives away still remain. The odour of the deadly drug still haunts the place.

But what a transformation has been wrought! Climbing the first flight of stairs, we entered the

assembly-room, a plain and tasteful place. In front the superintendent's office. I found Superintendent Atkinson at his desk, and he seemed glad to tell me the story of this unique enterprise.

"After ten years' experience in philanthropic work," he said, "and a careful study of the needs of the field, I was strangely led to try to provide a clean, wholesome place of entertainment for our 8,000 newsboys, our 1,000 telegraph messenger boys, our several thousand office and errand boys, our scores and hundreds of rough-and-ready, ragged-and-dirty, tattered-and-torn, crap-shooting, car-flipping little waifs and strays who know nothing of order nor discipline, nor of obedience nor restraint of any kind, but have been accustomed to run wild, and to claim the liberty of turning day into night. Homeless and destitute children are thronging our streets. These poor, ragged, footsore tramp children represent the waste material of our slums. Some of them are under the care of the thief-trainer and professional beggar, Some are blind. Some are crippled for life. Some are the victims of inherited disease. Some are girl waifs, who have begged for the privileges of our club-rooms, but we have been obliged to turn them away. How one's heart yearns to save them all! How I wish our doors could be thrown open to admit the multitude of struggling, perishing waifdom, whose condition beggars description, and who are in the direst need."

"Do the boys seem glad to become members of the Club?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," said the superintendent. "As soon as they understood what we were aiming at they came in battalions, We enrolled a thousand members the first year. The number has since increased. If we had room we could have four times as many."

"What part of your work do the boys seem to appreciate most?"

"Well, the baths are a great attraction. Some of the urchins had never had a bath in their life that they could remember, and it is a luxury which it is utterly impossible for you or me to understand. Then they are exceedingly fond of the gymnasium and the recreation-room. Some place the highest estimate on the simple educational work we have attempted. You would be surprised at the interest awakened in some of the boys in the study of art."

Mr. Atkinson told me the story of his struggle to get the club started, and the great joy which came to him when he found an opportunity to present his plans to Mr. Cooper. In this enterprise, Mr. Cooper saw an "open door," and he threw himself into the work with characteristic devotion and liberality. It now occupies a place in his heart scarcely second to that of foreign missions. Indeed, he considers it one of the greatest missionary opportunities of our day. How my friend's face shone as he told me of his plans to help Mr. Atkinson to a larger work for Chicago waifdom!

I found a dozen boys playing games in the recreation-room. They were all alike and all different. Every boy had the unmistakable marks of the

street gamin. The Italian countenance and complexion predominated. One had regular features, flaxen hair and blue eyes. If his face had been clean and his graceful little body had been dressed in becoming attire he would have been handsome. Who was he? What his personal history? Was he a ragged waif because of the profligacy of parents who threw away their lives and robbed their boy of even half a chance to life? I felt like asking the lad if he knew anything about his parents and his history, but there was so much pathos in the blue eyes which looked into mine that the interrogation died upon my lips. Many of the little fellows can neither read nor write. The story of the gladness of the boys when they found they could print their own names was touching. The lads know the value of a dime and a dollar, though. They are great on mental arithmetic. Most of them are newsboys and bootblacks. All their short lives they have been accustomed to "making change."

But here is the art-room. A plain little apartment it is. There are no easels. A long table takes their place. There are no models for the students in sculpture. There are no masterpieces in oil or water-colour or crayon upon the walls to instruct and inspire the youthful artists. The room is bare save for the few drawings which have been pinned on the walls. But some of these sketches exhibit decided skill. I took two of them down and asked the privilege of reproducing them in the columns of *The Epworth Herald.* Frank Russo drew the face of the

ancient gentleman. Have you not seen that countenance on the street—so sordid and selfish and gross? If young Russo, just off the street, could produce a face so true to life, what could he not accomplish in the field of portrait-painting could he but have first-class opportunities? Then take that picture of the cow by Mike Rotheizer. It is far from perfect, you say? Of course it is. But when you remember that the picture was sketched after a few lessons given under the most adverse conditions, do you not see great promise for the boy? I am glad to say that Mike is to have a chance. Mr. Atkinson has secured for him admission to the Chicago Art Institute, where he has begun his studies with enthusiasm.

Then here is a room devoted to instruction in basket-weaving. The boys take to that industry with relish.

When I visited the bath-room a half-dozen boys were taking an afternoon wash-up. Poor little chaps, it is the only chance they have to enjoy the luxury!

When the boys take off their clothing it passes at once into the keeping of the janitor. This rule is necessary because of the propensity to steal which many of the lads have acquired. They do not know any better. They have been schooled in a life of thievery, so that it is about as natural to them as it is to wink or to breathe. To change their ethical notions will not be easy. The people who work for the salvation of the street gamin toil at a task which involves almost infinite difficulties.

But how the youngsters did enjoy that water!

Their shouts had in them those peculiar tones which tell of pleasure unadulterated—like unto those we old boys used to send forth long years ago when we went to the river on a hot summer night and disported ourselves in the waters which flowed clear and cool from the springs high up in the mountains!

The Chicago Boys' Club has little more than begun its career. It has entered a wide and fruitful field. Chicago is the Mecca of waifdom for the great Mississippi Valley. Senator Hoar, in an address delivered in this city a few weeks ago, said: "Chicago is foremost among American cities—foremost, so far as I know, among the cities of the world in the great virtue of public spirit. She may well look forward with an assured and sober confidence to the time when the sceptre which passed away from Rome, shall pass away from London, and shall be within her grasp." If the senator's prophecy is to be realized, something must be done for that wretched section of the city where these waifs and strays are herded together with the most depraved men and women, and where they are in forced attendance on the school of crime. It is a gigantic mission-field. It has as yet scarcely been touched by Christian agencies. This Boys' Club can reach only the fringe of the problem. Its work should be enlarged and reinforced. It just now needs the aid of generous friends. It needs, also, the Christly services of some who have consecrated themselves to do the Lord's work wherever and whenever He may open a door of opportunity. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto

one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," said the Master.

Does such work pay?

Let me answer by referring you to some of the fruits of their labour.

No one knows what possibilities of goodness and greatness are buttoned up under the tattered jackets of boys in the slums. Considering the rough, hard life they have lived it is a wonder they are as good as they are. They have been cuffed and kicked and bruised and almost killed by the brutes among whom they have lived. No refining, uplifting influences have touched their lives. The pull has ever been downward. They have breathed the air of the alley and the sewer. They have lived near the mouth of the pit. When the dirt has been washed off, new ideals implanted, new ambitions aroused, better principles understood, and the power of Christ undergirds them, who knows to what altitudes of purity and graciousness and usefulness they may rise!

Long ago a rector of the University of St. Andrew took a forsaken orphan between his knees, and said: "My silly fatherless and motherless boy, it's ill to wit what God may make of thee." That boy was Andrew Melville in embryo. Luther's schoolmaster, the great Trebonius, used to take off his hat when he entered his schoolroom. "I uncover my head," he would say, "to honour the consuls, chancellors, doctors, masters who shall proceed from this school."

Does it require the vision of a prophet to see that some of the rough material gathered into this Boys'

Club will be formed into clean, strong, symmetrical men—men who will honour society and the church, and who will be an everlasting credit to those who, amid difficulties and discouragements, sought to lift them up?

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